

CORONET

They'll "Get" You
at Wholesale

When the Tongue
Gets Frozen

Can You Escape
Rheumatism?

You Can
Make Music

20 other features
by

LOREN CARROLL
FRANCES FROST
ILES BRODY
LOUIS ZARA
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

and others

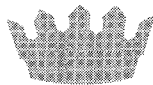


DECEMBER, 1939

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 1/6

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CORONET

for

DECEMBER

1939

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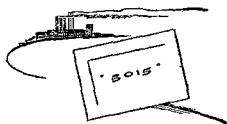
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THEY'LL "GET" YOU AT WHOLESALE

BEFORE YOU ATTEMPT TO BUY IT WHOLESALE,
TAKE A GLANCE INSIDE THIS BAG OF TRICKS



EVEN the polished ballyhoo of a Coney Island barker is amateur compared to a little line that has come to be an American shopper's *open sesame*: "I can get it for you wholesale." The old phrase acquires a more magical tang every day. It has tremendous pull on the purse strings.

And why not? We're all enamored of bargains and uniformly believe that only a sucker doles out any more of his dollars than necessary. If Mr. Dokes thinks he can buy his dining room suite at wholesale, he naturally argues that there, my friend, is a smart way of maintaining the rotundity of one's bankroll.

But sometimes we wonder if Dokes knows what the score is.

It cannot be gainsaid that bargain-hunters have triumphed frequently on the wholesale market. But there's a bleak other side of the story. Wholesale hoaxes, many of them in the class of blatant rackets, have mushroomed all

over the place. Dokes ought to know about the phony wholesalers who pose in a milk-and-honey masquerade and pretend to be his pocketbook's best friend—while, in reality, they are filching out everything but the lining. Someone ought to tell him, too, that if he escapes the downright hoaxes, he risks a bundle of hazards even in wholesale houses of honest stripe. Between the rackets and the normal pitfalls, when Dokes buys wholesale it is a little like trying to navigate his pocketbook between Scylla and Charybdis. If the rock doesn't get him, chances are the whirlpool will.

It is estimated that Dokes and his fellow Americans spend \$500,000,000 a year in search of bargains at wholesale.

In most cases his spree begins with a Courtesy Card. Where wholesaling is *off* the level, this is the favorite of a bag of tricks. The card is slipped to our friend on the sly and bears the prosaic caption,

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“Introducing Mr. ———.” Though it may be entirely on the level, Dokes ought to beware.

The Courtesy Card may be swarming with code. In the corner where it says, “Customer No.—,” it is a gross stunt of the inveigling agent to write an index number of Dokes’s gullibility. “Customer No. 5015,” for example, may instruct the so-called wholesaler to charge our friend a 50 per cent mark-up and to kick back 15 per cent to the agent. In the grosser cases, an agent may add to poor Dokes’s misery by the manner in which the Courtesy Card is endorsed. If the go-between signs his name “William R. Brown” it may be a signal to “soak this customer plenty—he’s rich.” Or middle initial “T,” may mean, “palm off your worst junk—Dokes won’t know the difference.”

Los Angeles is plagued with yearly epidemics of fake Courtesy Cards, exploiting one type of hoax or another. Because of an invasion in St. Louis, the Better Business Bureau placarded the city’s schools and four hundred factories with warnings. The bluff has been called by sundry investigations, one at the Philadelphia Navy Yard when a flood of Courtesy Cards bearing the exhortation, “Save the Retailer’s Profit,” was

handed out to Uncle Sam’s gobs. As it worked out, the investigators’ first two bargains were an electric clock at \$3.10 and an electric iron at \$3.00. Identical items were found in the retail stores at \$1.89 and \$2.45.

Mr. Dokes, if he is really after that dining room suite—at wholesale—may run into a rich assortment of chicanery. For there’s no pasture where phony wholesaling thrives as it does in furniture.

His Courtesy Card may take him to what is known in the trade as the Open Showroom, generally a loft shop with a glass-enclosed waiting room and the atmosphere of a private office. The card takes Dokes to a sequestered inner sanctum where bright new furniture is on display. Here he is told that he is present under special privilege, for “the company does not make a habit of selling to the retail trade.” With the greatest of ease discounts up to 60 per cent are slashed from the price tags. Dokes is delighted.

Agents of the New York Better Business Bureau have made their own expeditions to these emporia. Among facts they have garnered are: 1. That 90 per cent of the sales are made to retail customers. 2. That the Courtesy Card is a mere ruse to create the illusion of

a special favor, while in reality any shopper may walk in off the street, with card or without. 3. That, while posing as manufacturers of furniture, the Open Showroomers rarely manufacture more than 10 per cent of their lines and are mere middlemen for the other 90 per cent—in the same position as any retailer except for the veneer of a wholesale label.

Dokes is in a spot where any arguments he may have are answered by, "Remember, we're doing you a favor . . . try and get 60 per cent discount anywhere else . . . remember, you're getting this wholesale."

Even all this would be a pleasant ordeal, perhaps, if Dokes could be sure to save money.

In the Better Business Bureau files are the doleful tales of what has befallen numerous innocents in the Open Showrooms. One example tells of a woman in Jackson Heights, New York, who bought a bedroom suite with a price tag of \$795. She paid \$381 at "wholesale." The manufacturer's price was found to be \$249, with retail stores selling the set right and left for \$365.

Scouts in disguise have shopped time and again in Open Showrooms to prove the pudding. The Bureau has concluded that Open

Showroom prices are roughly the same as retail and, where the customer looks like a sucker, much higher. It reports, "The consumer is led to believe he is saving from 30 to 60 per cent simply because the price tags are falsely boosted."

It is figured that Dokes and his fellow Americans are given \$150,000,000 worth of raw deals each year in their attempts to buy furniture wholesale. One disgusted retail dealer, realizing the magic of that nine-letter word, opened a "wholesale" showroom a few blocks away, under a different name. For experiment's sake, he charged higher prices than in his own retail store. Yet the trade flocked in to get fleeced under the wholesale label.

When Mrs. Dokes goes shopping for frocks she naturally feels the temptation to dabble in wholesale, too. If she has a bona fide introduction to a legitimate wholesale house, and is an astute shopper, she may come away with flying colors. Women are getting bargains-on-the-sly in this manner constantly. The practice is none too ethical, but after all it is not Mrs. Dokes's duty to police the trade. She wants to save money, a noble objective, and nothing more.

Being a smart shopper she knows the palpable disadvantages of en-

tering a wholesale house: 1. No garments may be tried on. 2. There are no returns, refunds or adjustments. 3. All sales are cash and final. 4. There is the natural temptation to buy much more than she wants, simply because of the alluring prices. 5. There is the danger of being sold a shop-worn number, a damaged one or an old style (this is a favorite way for a wholesale house to clear away garments returned by the stores). 6. There is an obligation to buy, since she is there on privilege, whether she likes the line or not.

On top of this, sleuth shoppers have found that an actual wholesale price is rarely quoted. The Retail Dry Goods Association bought two hundred dresses through masquerading shoppers, and at reputable wholesale houses only. Of these, 196 were priced above wholesale. Many of them were old models. For example, one shopper paid \$11 for a dress said to retail at \$15. A day later the identical number was found in a retail shop, marked down to clear at \$9.95.

When Mrs. Dokes becomes too avid in search of bargains she risks falling prey to the Bedroom Shop. This is usually a cramped apartment with the aura of a speakeasy, where, as Mrs. Dokes has heard

via the grapevine, all sorts of garments can be bought at wholesale.

The madames who run these establishments have been known to resort to strange types of advertising. One stunt is to sneak into a swank retail store with a copy of its advertisement clipped from the morning paper. With bright crayon the madame draws arrows pointing to certain dresses in the ad and scrawls a brief legend telling that "the same identical thing" can be had at such-and-such an address for half the price, the address being her own bedroom emporium. Exotic though the procedure may seem, she pins this ad on the inside of a cubicle in the ladies' washroom.

In New York, Mayor F. H. La Guardia has cracked down upon such establishments because, in addition to having their gyp angles, they pay no sales tax and almost always exist in violation of zoning, sanitation and labor laws. Fourteen of the most notorious Manhattan outfits were shut down in a drive last summer.

Trade investigators have probed the bedrooms, too. As reported by New York's Uptown Retail Guild, "It is natural for manufacturers to work off their defective merchandise, obsolete models and returns through these irregular channels.

Many samples of goods sold in Bedroom Shops have been found to be cheap imitations and copies."

Other items—running the whole gamut from washing machines to electric toasters—are required by the Dokes family from time to time. If they can be bought at wholesale, so much the better for the bank account. But in no case should Dokes be taken for a ride.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals gave him a big measure of protection last June when it cracked down on one big variety of wholesale chicanery—the catalogue game. A large New York jewelry firm doing business all over the country was ordered to cease describing itself as "wholesale" after it fought tooth and nail with the Federal Trade Commission for the privilege. The firm circulated a so-called wholesale catalogue which offered uniform discounts of 53 per cent from listed prices. A roaring retail trade was carried on, with Dokes and everybody else thinking they were getting lush wholesale bargains. But—as FTC findings revealed—the prices, even with 53 per cent knocked off, were a far cry from wholesale, and the firm was forced to abandon that magical word.

On the strength of the Circuit Court's decision, open war has

been declared all over the country to shear the wholesale label from all firms using it to ensnare the Dokeses when they are really not wholesale firms at all.

In jewelry, silverware, electrical appliances and hordes of kindred items there are Discount Houses all over the place. They are of all shades and varieties, but have the common denominator of being middlemen who show Dokes a list price on almost anything he wants and proceed to knock off anywhere from 10 to 50 per cent. They occupy small, usually sequestered quarters and issue reams of handbills and catalogues.

There are impressive discounts to be had. But Dokes must be smart. He must sharpen his wits on two points in particular:

1. Beware of list prices. Discount Houses thrive on the public's belief that anything deducted from a list price is that much saving. However, Dokes must realize that every retail store is constantly cutting list prices. Thus, when the Discount House impresario says, "Dokes, I'll give you 30 per cent off list," our friend ought to know that he may possibly find the same mark-down at any store in town. Or, if the Discount House price is genuinely low, this is often made possible by the fact that it includes

no service, no delivery, no exchange privilege or adjustment if anything goes wrong.

2. Beware of blind merchandise. As in other cut-rate selling, Discount Houses are known to take a very slim profit, or even a loss, on certain leader items — standard brands which usually sell at a fixed price. But, as Dokes' logic tells him, if no money is made thus, it must be made somewhere else. Blind merchandise is the answer. If he buys a So-and-So radio at rock bottom, he is not likely to walk out without being high-pressured into other apparent bargains. It is at this juncture that he may find himself with an utterly unknown brand of vacuum cleaner for which he has grossly overpaid. In addition, investigators point out that the Discount Houses deal notoriously in discontinued products and, in their literature, often tell everything about a product except one or two salient

facts, for example, that this washing machine on which Dokes gets 30 per cent off happens to be a 1936 model, which wouldn't command the full price anywhere.

The Chicago Better Business Bureau tested the facts by sending shoppers on a buying safari in which fifty-four items were purchased at the "wholesale discounts." Several were striking bargains, far below prevalent retail prices. The items cost a total of \$395. They were duplicated in the retail market for a total of \$266. Blind products, grossly overpriced, thus counterbalanced the bargains by \$129.

While New York is the capital of these devious doings, largely because it domiciles one-fourth of the nation's wholesale trade, no American city of over 50,000 escapes some variety of wholesale temptation. Perhaps Dokes is your next-door neighbor.

—HOWARD AND SUE WHITMAN

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE

ANDRÉ GIDE, French writer, was at a party given in honor of a protégé of the master of the house who had just published a long poem. As the poem was read Gide, who was seated beside the host, dozed off. He was awakened by a pat on the shoulder. He opened his eyes but as the

poet's voice droned on he fell asleep again. The host once more tapped him on the shoulder. After this routine had gone on for some time Gide suddenly said, "My good fellow, you will have to stop either one of two things: putting me to sleep or waking me up."

—ALBERT BRANDT

CORONET

SANTA HAS HIS TROUBLES, TOO

The Christmas Theme—with Variations

SANTA CLAUS must shoulder additional responsibility in these safety-promoting days. To safeguard its youngest citizens, Newark, New Jersey, warned its local representatives of the bearded patron they must wear detachable, sterilized whiskers, white gloves which must be laundered daily. Above all, the Kriss Kringles must

refrain from kissing children.

Meanwhile the American Red Cross, thinking of the welfare of Santa himself, urged them, one and all, to fireproof their whiskers. By dipping them in a solution of four ounces of ammonia phosphate to one quart of water they could make them non-combustible.

THE debris left after Santa Claus' last visit to New York City was record-breaking. Two thousand trucks of the

Sanitation Department carried 10,000 loads totaling 50,000 tons of rubbish to get the city back to normal.

IN FRANCE a father sued a schoolmaster for telling his small son there was no Santa Claus. The Court agreed with the father—a child was entitled to his faith. Let the schoolmaster argue with people his own age, if he feels he must argue on this sub-

ject. And for destroying the faith of a child in Santa Claus, the schoolmaster was fined, and the money given to charity.

Should he repeat the offense, warned the Court, he would not be so leniently dealt with the next time.

AT THE annual (its second) convention in New York City, the National Association of Professional Santa Clauses protested against what they consider alien and unfair competition.

What right have the Donald Ducks, Mickey Mouses and Ferdinand Bulls to promote themselves in the Christmas spotlight? Christmas belongs to Santa Claus; all others are trespassers.

ONE can wonder at the surprise of the children of Syracuse, New York, when they spied their Santa Claus, in red flannel, whiskers and the other hallmarks of his estate, picketing

a local store. He glumly paced back and forth, carrying a sign asking shoppers to refrain from buying the goods offered there.

—ARTHUR R. CHILDS

DECEMBER, 1939

THE LIGHTER

*HE KNEW THE REGULATIONS BY HEART, BUT HE
HAD MUCH TO LEARN OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING*



I CRAWLED into that pill box marked 17-D late at night, exhausted. In those first days at the front I had no idea what to do when shrapnel whizzed past me, and marching up to the front lines I ran from the screaming shells even though they exploded far away. Corporal Rodek and the rest of the fellows were waiting for me by the light of a thin and solitary candle; they had been told on the phone that I was coming to take over command of the observation detachment. Rodek introduced himself and I saw that he was eager to shake hands but I pretended not to notice. I was determined to keep my dignity and exact discipline. Hardly past eighteen, I had just graduated from the Cavalry Officers' School with honors.

"Move your blankets over, boys," Rodek said to the others as he turned away from me, "he'll sleep with us."

"Afraid I won't," I said curtly.

"Where will you sleep then?" asked Rodek surprised. They all looked at me now.

"I'll make my own tent," I answered with finality. I knew all the rules and regulations by heart and I was determined to display my superior rank according to army books.

They made me awfully uncomfortable, those fellows. Now that it's all over, I can see that they were smart and right; they simply turned the tables and used my own weapons. They got just as stiff as I, and even stiffer. Every order was obeyed with military exactitude and respect, but otherwise they completely ignored me. I kept to myself too. It was hard to be silent. Slowly a lump was forming in my eighteen-year-old throat. I felt lonely and I would have liked to smooth things out. But it was too late. I had created a situation and would have to stick to it.

The rain started early in Octo-

ber and did not let up until the end of the month. Within a few days I was all rained in. One morning I awoke to find that I was soaking wet despite a sleeping sack and heavy blankets. Everything that I owned, my few possessions, were wet through; the two towels, extra clothing, writing pad, maps, everything. But the worst was that all my matches were gone too; none of them would light. I had a few cigarettes that had kept dry in a cigarette case, even though the rest, in a box of a hundred, were useless. All that wetness, all that continuous miserable rain I could bear if only I could smoke! At last I decided to go over to "their" bunk and ask for a match.

I crossed the few steps that separated us in the trench—which resembled a brook by now—and thrust my head into their quarters. They sat there talking. Not a drop of rain came into their place. They were absolutely dry. Two of them smoked; I think, Brill and Webster.

"Will you give me a light, Brill?" I addressed him with a cigarette held ready between my eager lips. Before I had time to finish the sentence, his cigarette flew into a pool of rain-water that had formed as I held the door of

their hut open. The fire made a short hissing sound as it was extinguished.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Lieutenant," he said with an insolent smile, "I used my last match to light that cigarette." Quickly turning towards Webster I had time to see him stifling his butt. He put it in his tunic pocket slowly and ceremoniously. I nearly burst out crying and ran back to my tent. I could hear their laughter.

I swore to myself that I'd never again ask them for a match. But on the eighth or ninth smokeless day I broke down. I found Rodek alone, the others being out to fix some telephone wires.

"Rodek," I began in an almost pleading tone, "will you please give me a match?" He was not smoking. He looked at me hesitantly for a moment and then said:

"They took all the matches with them. I would like to light up myself."

Of course it was a lie. I knew that. They had made up their mind not to let me smoke. To drive me wild. There was a conspiracy against me. They knew that I could not leave my post and that anyhow there was no one near this observation trench.

Toward the end of the month—on the 26th of October to be exact

—I couldn't stand it any longer. The whole thing seemed to affect my brain. The rain had finally eased during the night, but I was wet all through. In the morning, about eleven, I sat down on the edge of the trench, feet towards the enemy. Rodek came up to me.

"You'd better watch out. They'll shoot you. It might be all quiet, but if a sniper sees you he won't be able to resist."

"I don't give a hoot!" I screamed. "Mind your own business!"

"Yes, Sir." He saluted and walked away with a shrug of his shoulders.

Ten minutes after that a bullet caught me. I felt a sharp pain in my chest, near the collar-bone and I rolled back into the trench. The blood gushed out of me. Somehow I felt that I was smiling. Why did I smile when I was hurt? The men ran to me. Rodek shouted for the medicine chest, and I heard another one talking on the phone, reporting to the commander that I was shot.

"You young fool—I told you, didn't I?" said Rodek as he tore open my tunic.

"Yes, you did," I replied in a faint voice but still with that smile on my lips. "You should really be in command here. You know

much more than I do." Somehow I managed to bring forth my cigarette case and I took out a cigarette. They were working on me, dressing my wound. When I finally got the cigarette between my lips, I spoke again:

"Could you give me a light?"

Five pairs of hands stopped and reached for matches. Rodek brought forth a beautiful shiny lighter which burned with a big flame. The boys were silent. Their eyes seemed very large to me as I lay there in a pool of water and they leaned over me. Rodek was about to light my cigarette when I started to cough and it fell out from between my lips.

I woke up in a church which had been converted into a field hospital. My cot was near the half-open door. The night was clear and there were stars in the October sky. It had stopped raining. I looked around and recognized some objects in the semi-dark. There was the pulpit, there was the altar. The wounded breathed heavily. The symphony of snoring was only disturbed by the soft weeping of a man. My hand wandered to the chair that I saw beside my bed. There was my cigarette case—and Rodek's beautiful shiny lighter next to it.

—ILES BRODY

WHO'S KISSING HER NOW?

MEMORIES, MEMORIES—HOW MANY OF THESE
SOUVENIRS STRIKE A RESPONSIVE CHORD?



*Roses are red
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet
And so are you.*

Deep in the drawer of the old bureau it lies, this relic of a primer day, or back home in the attic, in a dusty shoe box marked SCHOOL. Hangover from Victoria's day, it has overstuffed red, green or blue covers and shiny, gilt-edged, corner-rounded pages in a variety of peacock pastels — so your friends could have their choice. On the fly leaf you indited in best Palmer writing (arm-movement, push-pull) what you fondly hoped was original:

*Please treat this little book of mine
As you would treat your own,
Inscribe a little thought in it,
And send it right back home.*

or

*If this little book should chance to
roam,
Just box its ears and send it home.*

Then you wrote all your startling names, and to make certain the album really was returned, you added, with a consuming sense of your own shining individuality—no one else, of course, had ever thought of it before:—

3 Ronald Road,
Tuksasally, Illinois,
United States of America, U.S.A.,
North American Continent,
Western Hemisphere,
The World,
THE UNIVERSE

Under that you put your telephone number, and in each corner of the page you drew wiggly skull and crossbones with the word BEWARE !!! in gory ink to indicate the fate of the debased wretch who failed to return the book. The rest, naturally, was written in either purple or green ink, depending on the stage through which you happened to be passing at the time.

Speaking of corners, look at the

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page in cheery tangerine from the girl with the kerosene-soaked pig-tails who reeked beside you in 6-A:

*Make many friends,
But keep the old,
The new are silver,
The latter gold.*

Yours till Niagara Falls

And in each of the corners “forget-me-not” neatly divided into four parts.

A fresh-fruit strawberry page vows eternal remembrance:

*Flowers may wither,
Roses may die;
Friends may forget you
But never I.*

or:

*When this you see
Remember me.*

With unfailing irony the names recall exactly nothing.

Come now to a pineapple sundae page filled with daring sentiment—a ginger-headed kid with adenoids and a lemon meringue face:

*I wish you luck,
I wish you mighty,
I wish your pajamas against my nighty;
Now don't get excited and don't get
red,
I mean on the clothesline and not in bed!*

Some of your friends were inevitably cast in a pessimistic mold. Realistic little devils, they hoped for the best but prepared for the worst. You may now, they pointed out, in all the juicy fruitiness of early youth, be surrounded by loving friends, but when age overtakes you and you commence to fall apart—say, at the unsavory age of 20—that will indeed be another story. But take comfort. All will not yet be over, for hark:

*When you are sitting all alone,
Reflecting on the past,
Remember that you have a friend
Whose friendship long will last.*

Not all the trumpets wore mutes. Peals yet a mighty blast by Cleverest Boy, Class Poet, Valet-dictorian. An earnest Scout with gleaming spectacles, pimples and a High Moral Tone:

*It is Faith in Something
and
Enthusiasm for Something
That makes Life Worth Living!*

On a mustard page Aunt Alice, her mind as strictly utilitarian as her face, listed her good wishes:

*I wish you bread and butter when
you're hungry,
Coffee when you're dry;
Money when you're hard up,
And Heaven when you die.*

At twelve or thirteen this seemed to you unnecessarily bleak. But what else could one expect from An Older Person?

*Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum
Girlibus likibus wanti somorum
Fatherbus hearibus sweet kissorum
Kickibus boyibus out of the doorum*

This unorthodox but delightful ditty pranced along in scalloped backhand done over a ruler.

Some of your friends were exceedingly modest and requested little, though that in foreign tongues:

*"Ne m'oubliez pas"
This little task
Is all I ask.*

Sadly you turn the page and call yourself a dog, but this name also summons up no face.

Ah! Your Latin teacher — on a starchy page — points an unbending classic finger at the heavens:

Auxilium meum ab alto

And on the page following with the instinct of the kind for yet another of its species, this soul-shattering indictment:

NOT FAILURE BUT LOW AIM—IS
CRIME!

The more sophisticated among your cronies tendered cryptic ad-

vice from the benefits of their bucolic encounters with the divine itch. Thus Prettiest Girl (now a cosmetic demonstrator in a five and ten):

*Don't ever make love in a buggy,
For horses carry tails.*

And as you (Best Dressed Girl) shovel in your nose-runny youngsters from the backyard for supper, you rather wonder if maybe you wouldn't after all be better off if you'd kept that swell secretarial job and stayed single. Of course you love the children and Frank is a darling, but on thirty dollars a week and three kids, your forty-nine cent stockings are not exactly triple sheer, and your night life is limited to two o'clock feedings.

Croons a cool green minty page aproposily:

*When you are married
And have children three,
Name the prettiest
After me.*

For boys and girls left by the stork, or daintily extracted by their parents from sunflowers, such absorption in the joys of sex seems now a little startling:

*Good girls like their brothers,
So good have I grown,*

*I like other girlies' brothers,
Better than my own.*

*I'll tell you a story
A Quaker told his son,
Be good and you'll be happy,
But you'll miss a lot of fun!*

*Kiss me cute
Kiss me cunning
Kiss me quick
For daddy's coming!*

*Here's to the girl who is pure and
chaste,
The purer she is, the less she's chased.*

But there was equal interest in
marriage, oddly enough even then
from pens exclusively feminine:

*I wish you luck, I wish you joy,
I wish you first a baby boy,
And when his hair begins to curl,
I wish you then a baby girl.*

*When Cupid shoots his arrow,
I hope he Mrs. you.*

Some of your more informal
and, generally, male pals, though
still desirous of being remembered,
as witness underlined urgings from
corners not to forget, were never-
theless completely barren of
thought, and scrawled with blunt
moistened pencil stub:

*I thought, I thought,
I thought in vain,
And then I thought
I'd sign my name.,*

*Yours till watermelons grow on
honeysuckle vines.*

In a similar fix with thumbs
even more sticky, Best Athlete
confessed:

*Alas, alas, I am so dumb,
I cannot write in this album.*

In another classification come
those luminous bodies whose of-
ferings, while of a distinctly prag-
matic and scholarly nature cer-
tain to bestow quality and distinc-
tion on your album, yet caused
you great grief. They were always
brightly explained below, but you
somehow never quite penetrated
them. Examined even now they
mean still less, though you pleat
your adult brow in vain concentra-
tion and irrelevantly recall that
the kid always got under your skin.

*Quis crudus pro te lectus albus et
spiravit*

(Who raw for thee read white &
blew)

Malo malo malo malo

(I'd rather be in an apple tree
Than an evil man in adversity.)

Malo. Apple. O sure, apple. Oh
well, she may know her Latin,
but you notice she's still an anx-
ious bachelor girl teaching first
grade in your old school! Sud-
denly the gloom lifts and you feel

very smug and smirky about your promotion to Frank and the kids.

You turn the gay glossy pages swiftly hunting for something your rusty brain can fathom. In poison green an inky-haired rebel (Biggest Bluffer) who boasted a fiendish ability to outstare any woman teacher, swaggered his blotty bravado crookedly over the magenta page, rudely squelching your twelve-year-old passion: "Here's a thought for you," he wrote. "Don't let it die of sauliterry confinement." Curiously enough, you still get some stealthy wisp of satisfaction from the bad spelling, but then there was no solace.

*Choose not your friends
From outward show,
Feathers fly high,
But pearls lie low.*

You turn the white page quickly trying not to remember how very low indeed lies this particular pearl—six feet under somewhere in Arizona.

Here's an Indian head with the childish scribble of a well-known cartoonist—Fame's sole donation to your otherwise singularly-undistinguished class. Furtively you examine the inscription with mercenary intent, and wonder if it's worth taking into the city.

A blast for independence is

sounded in the bold black script of Boy Most Likely to Succeed.

*Down the river of life, may you always
Paddle your own canoe.*

He's a WPA timekeeper today with a wife name Matilda and two sets of identical twins.

Your eye crosses to the back cover, ruined for all time by the false modesty of the class bully (Least Likely to Succeed), now a vice-president of the local bank:

*To make room for your friends,
To make room for your lover,
To make room for them all,
I will write on the cover.*

But you prefer to linger on the page which at that time gave you much pleasure. This masterpiece on mauve had been perpetrated by one of your practically dearest friends. Verbal picketing to a triumphant climax, it still leaves you breathless:

An
Undying
Token
Of
Great
Riches
And
Perfect
Happiness
Spells AUTOGRAPH!
—NANCY TUBIASH

PORTRAIT OF PAUL HESSE

HE HAS COME A LONG WAY SINCE STEICHEN
ADVISED HIM TO STICK TO HIS PAINTING



PAUL HESSE is a minister plenipotentiary among glamour photographs; one of the country's masters at color, a photographic Ziegfeld.

Suave, artful, neatly-chiseled, perpetually at ease, mustached to a hairline, he looks like a compromise between Errol Flynn and an ad for a gentleman's abdominal supporter. Standing up, he looks as though he were still lolling in his chair at the polo club.

Hesse has an emotional equity in hunting, fishing, jiu jitsu, and piloting an airplane. Automatically, you think of him in terms of Hollywood—although you are not altogether sure at which end of the camera he belongs.

Actually, Hesse is very *persona grata* on the coast. His ability to create drama and allure where nature fell short; and to squeeze it where nature was lush, is prized by both testimonial-seeking client and harried star.

Ginger Rogers refused to dis-

appoint him for a sitting—in spite of the fact that she had worked from dawn to midnight. She was carrying the world on her eyelids. But the picture was important to Hesse—and a promise is a promise, a trouper, a trouper.

Jeanette MacDonald, who is allergic to flowers, graciously sneezed her head off for Hesse; he needed a shot showing her with a basket of spring flowers. She was laid up a month because of it.

"Swell people," says Hesse, "very swell."

This flexible suavity has been combined, in Hesse, with innate taste . . . to the end that millions have willingly smoked arbitrary cigarettes, bought horoscopic fan magazines, and have otherwise sacrificed themselves before the spellbinding lure of America's ace ikon—the magazine cover.

★ ★ ★

Hesse was born in Brooklyn, forty-four years ago. His father was a watchmaker and jeweler.



HEDY LAMARR

After school Hesse would climb up on his father's workbench and fool around—"pulling clocks to pieces and soldering pins on gadgets."

His ambition, at this time, was to be an actor. It has been said that it still is. At any rate, taking the second best of the starvation

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MODERN CLASSICAL

professions, Hesse turned to art. He signed up at Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn, took Michelangelo as master by way of a modest start.

At Pratt he got solid training and a wife. Mrs. Hesse was then the youngest student to enter the school—a point she likes to labor

CORONET



KITTEN AT PLAY

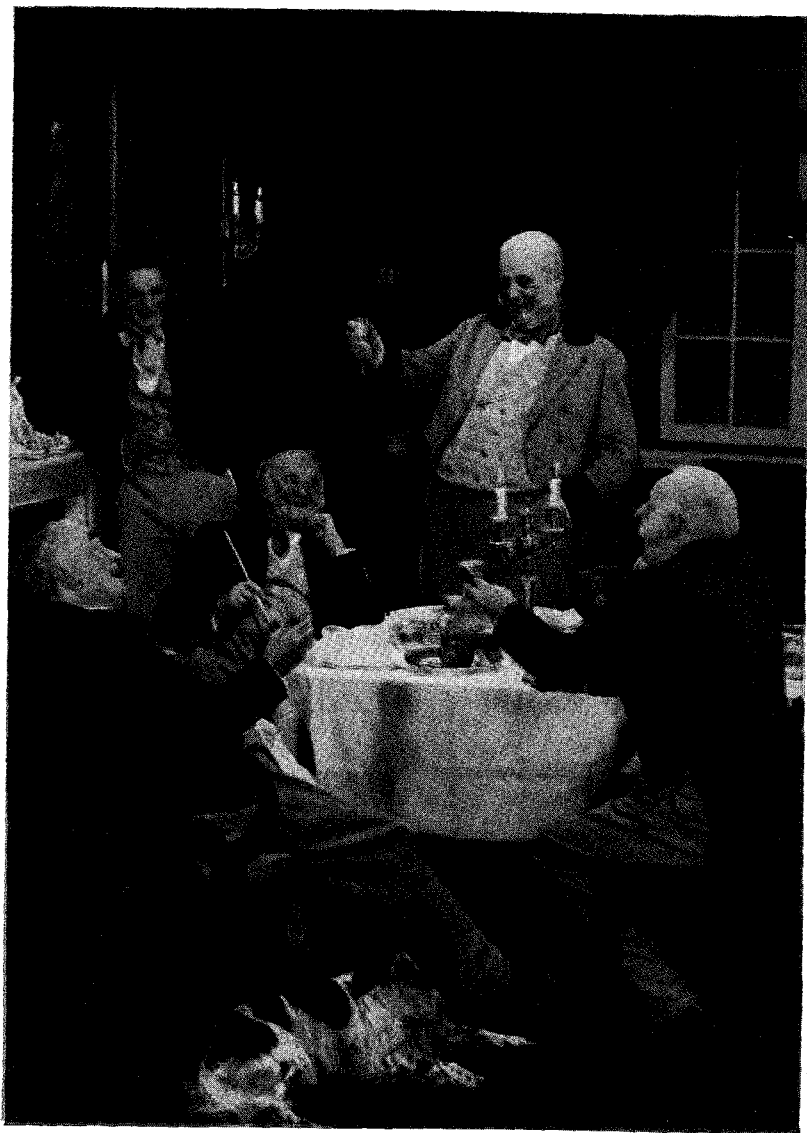
in the sanctum of domestic life.

Winding up a three-year art course in two years, Hesse landed himself a job with the Inter-

national Art Service. For eight dollars a week, he turned out posters.

In due course, the War came.

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PICKWICKIAN CHRISTMAS

CORONET

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VESPERS

There was too much pro-German talk in the office. Hesse had Horatio Alger blood. This boiled. One day, with an I'll-show-you gesture, he skipped his lunch and enlisted. Soon he was making the world safe for a war to make the world safe.

★ ★ ★

The War over, Hesse turned his earlier romance into a marriage; settled down at his old job.

Headway was slow.

"One day," said Hesse, "the War was still with me—I felt I

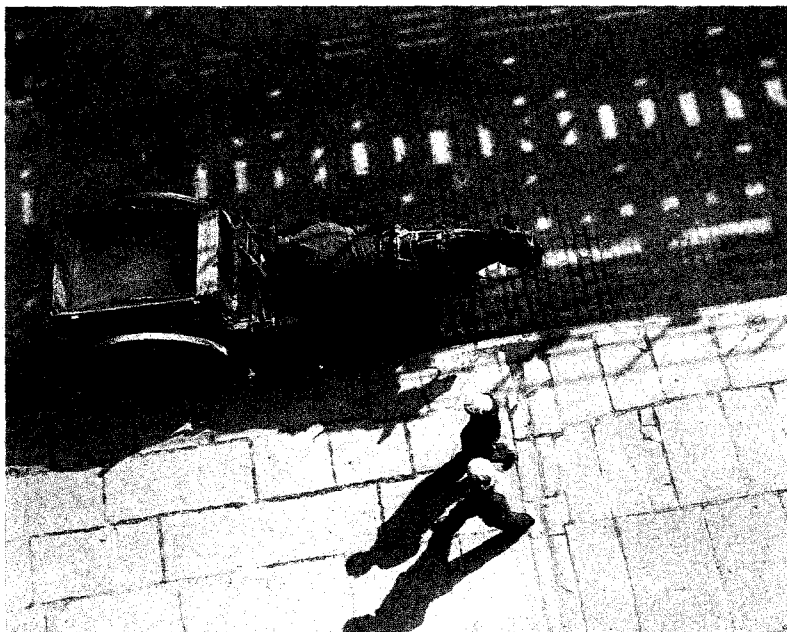
couldn't sit still any longer. I became a salesman." Then he got on his feet. Shortly after, he was put in charge of the studio; after that, he went out on his own.

He opened a studio on Washington Square, painted away.

In time, he moved to Little Neck, Long Island, slashed out posters, magazine illustrations; on the side he experimented with photography. In time, the photography began to overshadow the painting.

It was time for die-casting.

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STREET SCENE

Hesse went to see Steichen. Under his arm was a portfolio of photographs. Steichen was short. He said, "Stick to your painting."

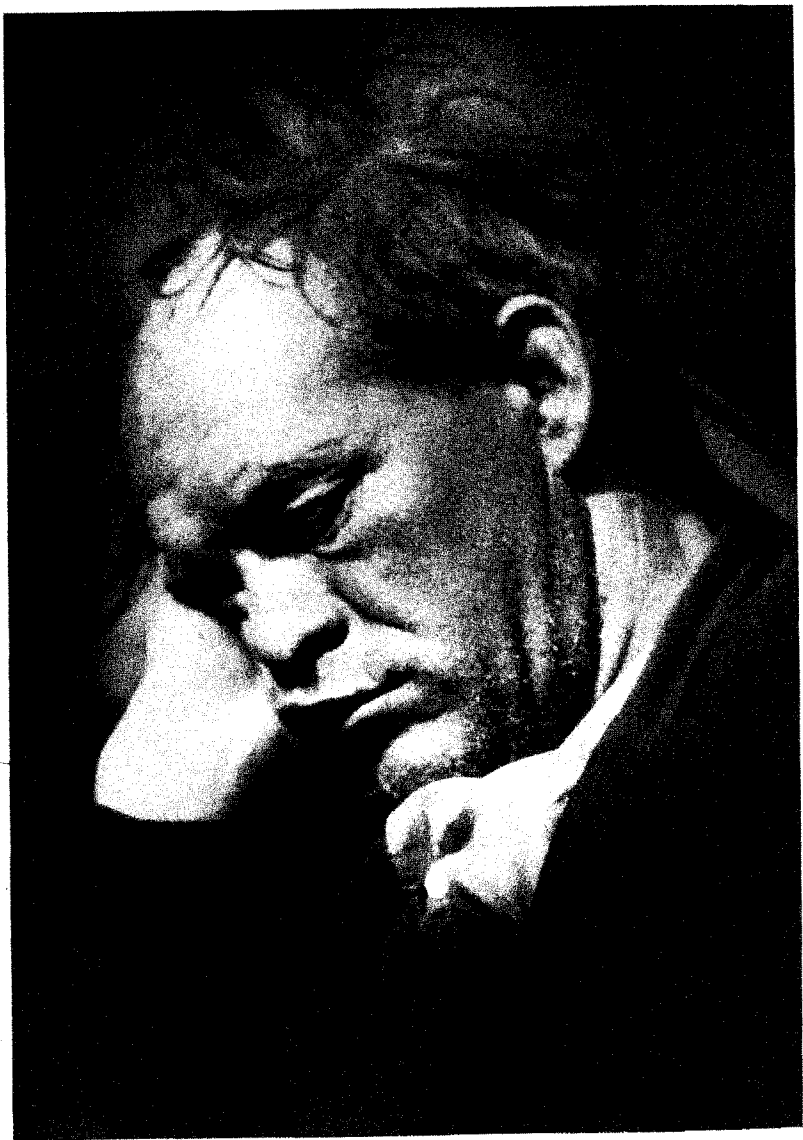
It so happens that Hesse was still living in the Horatio Alger tradition. "That made up my mind," he said, "those pictures were damned good. I decided to stick to photography. I'd show Steichen. . . ."

Months passed. Hesse built up a portfolio. Leg work followed, with the arduously accumulated samples; duels with receptionists.

"Success came so quickly," Hesse said, "I was swept off my feet. I worked every day until two or three in the morning—actually got more work than I could handle."

During this period an incident occurred which illustrates pointedly Hesse's do-or-dare pattern. He went to see Reinhardt's production of *The Miracle*, starring Lady Diana Manners.

It occurred to him that Lady Diana Manners was a subject built to order for color. On an



AFTERMATH

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TRANSPICUOUS

impulse, he sent his card backstage via usher. To his surprise, he was invited back—after the following act. A few words, a gracious and immediate acceptance of a suggestion to pose, a time set for the following morning—and Hesse was in a spot.

He was like the character who invited the Lord Mayor to his house for tea, and suddenly recalled that he had no house and little tea. Hesse had never made a color shot.

He was practically panic strick-

en. He didn't even know how long to expose.

He went to the office of Agfa, distributors of the color plates. He got a booklet. On his way to the Century Theatre, where the shots were to be taken, he burrowed for facts.

"By the time I got to the theatre," Hesse explained, "I was hoping that Lady Manners would have forgotten the whole thing. But there she was . . . waiting . . . on the dot."

Hesse got set. Closed his eyes.

CORONET

Pressed the bulb. A sixth sense did the trick. The shots were perfect.

★ ★ ★

Hesse had a graphic voice to talk for him.

Business piled up. Agency work walked in, as well as work in color for the movie fan press.

Hesse was swamped. "But after a year of it," he said, "I felt I didn't have enough experience to bring the proper quality to the work." His feeling for integrity got the better of him—like a bad case of grippe.

An admirer of the illustration work of Larajen à Hiller, he gave up his own studio—took a job as an art director, working with Hiller at Underwood and Underwood. He learned the fine arts of flash powder; blew models off their feet.

In time the experience that he wanted was well planted and in flower. He pulled out; re-hung his hat under his own roof.

The time was ripe, his work was ready. Soon he was in the groove, snapping kittens for Du Pont Cellophane, beautiful ladies for Ivory Soap, convivial comrades for Hiram Walker and Hedy Lamarr for *Photoplay* (to make passing reference only to the four color photographs reproduced in conjunction with this article).

Hesse is well known for his ruthlessness and drive on location jobs. No situation is too delicate, no taboo too strong. Like Stalin, he is perfectly willing to blow up mail trains or reverse the habits of a continent.

There was the story of the Studebaker riot.

Hesse was assigned to park a new Studebaker on the sidewalk, in front of the Museum of the City of New York, surround it with models, shoot away—at night.

He got police permits, the car, the models, the building. The scene was set, lights arranged. Hesse got out in the middle of Fifth Avenue—flat on the street.

A crowd gathered.

Traffic stopped.

Galleries formed.

Everything was set. Suddenly, the Dead End Kids came running, on emergency call. Squash came the ripe tomatoes—oozing over the shining new car, skimming the party dresses of the models.

He made a speech. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'm here trying to do a job. . . ."

"In other words," said Hesse, "I appealed to their sporting instincts. . . ."

The tomato squad responded in kind. A job is a job; and an honest workman is a comrade beneath

the skin. Each brat silently sheathed his tomato.

At last shooting was about to get under way. By this time there was a large enough crowd to greet Lindbergh.

Out of the calm came sirens. From all directions police radio cars zipped into the scene.

The radio men were tough. Permit or no permit, no traffic was going to be blocked on Fifth Avenue.

Hesse argued. It was no use. "All this," had to be cleared away . . . and "Right now."

Hesse claimed he couldn't move the apparatus himself; he had to locate his assistant. His secretary took over the radio chief . . . kept up running talk.

In the meanwhile Hesse got his flash bulbs set along the line . . . plate holders in place . . . slides out. There was a bright flash and the picture was made.

The police stormed; Hesse was apologetic. Assistants again made quick bulb changes. Another plate. Another flash. Hesse had an alternate shot.

By this time the cops were at work with clubs. The work was not academic; Hesse had his picture.

There was the chaos in the Holland Tunnel. The job was to

shoot a traffic jam in the tunnel.

Hesse looked the scene over; traffic in the tunnel was as orderly as a Dutch kitchen.

Never nonplussed by order, Hesse put one of his models in a policeman's uniform, set him at the mouth of the tunnel, had him direct every car into a central snarl. In five minutes the place was a Laurel-and-Hardy delight.

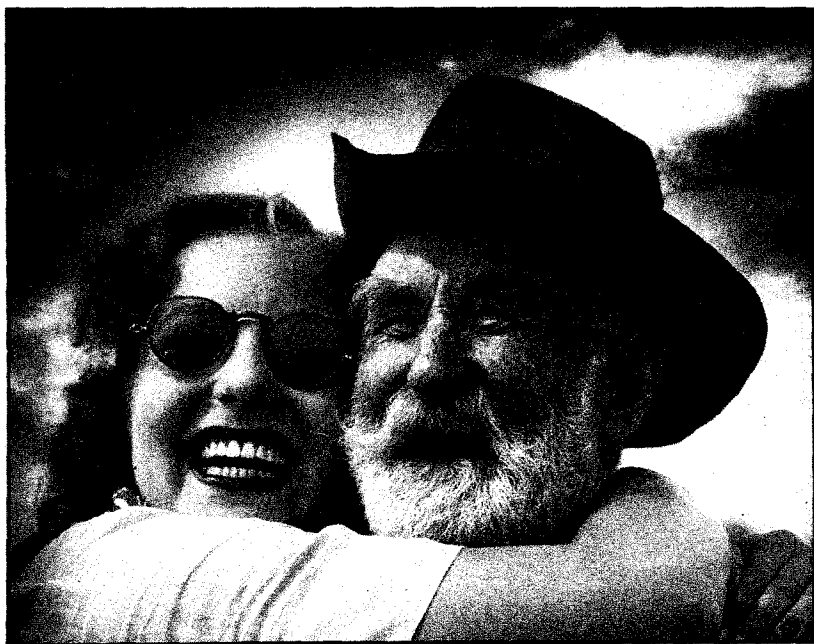
Blithely, Hesse snapped away.

New York's finest soon took Hesse away; but again, the shots were made—delivered on schedule.

★ ★ ★

About technique: Hesse argues that the simpler equipment is, the better. He suggests that amateurs add accessories gradually—taking on new things only after the old have been thoroughly mastered.

Lighting, he claims, should be simple. "I start, as a rule," he says, "with a key light. This can be considered the sun. It should be used as the main light source. Other lights used only to fill in . . ." For amateur work, he recommends steering clear of the miniatures. "I don't advocate too much use of the 35 mm. cameras, because unless this film is developed to perfection—with special equipment and clean dark-rooms—the possibilities for im-



TICKLED PINK

perfections, are far too great."

For Kodachrome, he makes an exception to this rule. "For Kodachrome," he argues, "35 mm. cameras are best for the amateur."

For general amateur work, he suggests such cameras as the Kodaks, view cameras, Rolleiflexes . . . and "graduating" to small Graflexes and Speed Graphics.

★ ★ ★

Today, Hesse is rolling on the crest. His imagination, taste, and diplomatic competence have

a recognizable premium value.

His loyal secretary claims that "other people fall into something beautiful—Paul creates something that is beautiful."

Further, there is specialization—and in America's most salable commodity: "I think," continues the artful Miss Heffernen, "that as a judge of beauty in women, he's 'tops'."

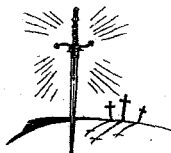
Hesse's earlier specialty was locomotives; he has come along in the world.

—ROBERT W. MARKS

DECEMBER, 1939

HOW TO TALK RELIGION

*ARGUMENT IS POINTLESS, BUT THOSE WHO HAVE
CONVICTIONS MUST KNOW HOW TO DEFEND THEM*



OF course, to begin with (and to end with!) it's always best to avoid a religious discussion. That is, unless you're a professional. Religious discussions are apt to become arguments—and religious arguments can get out of hand in less time than it takes to name the first five books of the Old Testament. You see, religion isn't like art or music or literature or any of the other topics that form what is loosely called conversation. Religion is bred of sweetness and bitterness—it creeps under the skin and mingles with the blood stream. And folk who are ordinarily meek and casual and easy-going, suddenly rise up and are willing to die for it.

Very few people have allowed themselves to be fed to the lions in an arena because of some dispute over a mural or a symphony. Practically no one at all has ever been flogged through the streets, or burned at the stake,

because he did—or did not—react to a certain sonnet. But religion has nourished many lions, and has fed any number of flames.

Religion stands alone in its own field of utter sincerity. And if you feel that you must discuss religion, you must also be prepared to stand alone, if necessary. Alone, that is, in a mortal room.

Of course a great many people who do not want to talk about religion are trapped into it. A religious bout is likely to start in the most innocent fashion—through some chance remark about an orchard tree in spring, or an autumn sunset, or a field of snow lying silver in the starlight. But once the religious talk has started, it must be handled deftly and tactfully and reverently. And the reverence is far more important than either the deftness or the tact.

★ ★ ★

There are four types of individuals who enjoy talking re-

ligion and who lie in wait for the unwary, but gregarious, mortal. They are first: Devout people. Secondly: Quarrelsome people. Thirdly: People who are trying to be smart. And fourthly: People who are trying to be funny.

The first of the four types is the easiest to cope with — by all means. An honestly devout person is understandable by almost every standard. Though he may differ from you in creed and in idiom and in point of view, you know what he is saying—or trying to say. For he is apt to be fair and if you, also, are fair, you will give him credit for his sincerity even though you cannot give him applause.

There is only one need of caution when you come in contact with a devout person. You must not treat lightly the words which, to him, are sacred. You must not voice opinions unless you have some knowledge of the framework which lies back of those opinions. And you must learn to maintain a golden silence whenever you are in the least doubt.

Devout people mean well, invariably. And though the well meaning member of society is sometimes the hardest to take, school yourself in patience and

reflect that no conversation can last forever, but that the fundamental idea, back of the devout person's flow of talk, *will last forever*.

The second type—the quarrelsome religious talker—is quite a way down the list. He gets his greatest kick out of controversial topics such as Jonah and the whale, and the flood, and the creation and the various Mosaic miracles. If you agree with him you're out of luck for he'll probably turn and twist your agreement until it means exactly the opposite of what you intended. If you disagree with him you're lost for the afternoon or the evening or the week end.

There is one time-honored way of dealing with the quarrelsome religious talker—and only one. It sounds like a bromide, and it is—but in common with most bromides it does sometimes relieve a nervous headache. You can look your fighter in the eye, and say sweetly—

"I'd prefer not to discuss that point. The Bible is like fish. It's full of good meat, so why choke yourself on the bones?"

If that doesn't silence your opponent nothing will. It's stood me in good stead upon many a tense occasion.

The third group — the people

who talk religion in the smarty-pants way — should have said smarty pants turned down in favor of a good, wooden-backed hair-brush. But since the conventions must be observed, up to a point, that method must be discarded.

There's nothing much worse than a giggling girl who—with a cocktail in one hand and a cigarette in the other—attempts to be clever on the subject of religion. There's nothing much more obnoxious than a reedy young man with a pseudo Oxford accent, who blows up a bubble of religious profundity and then punctures it with a forefinger that's much too slim and white. Unfortunately these bright young people—much as one hates to admit it—are rather tricky opponents. They're difficult to handle because they're invariably facile of speech and are endowed with an India rubber bounce. Your only hope is to outwit them by solid truth. And unless you know the truth—and *feel* the truth—you might as well give up the outwitting as a bad job.

When the bright young people go scintillating at the expense of religion, it's your cue to go ponderous. A meringue is pretty flimsy food at best—and it ceases to exist when somebody sets a ten-pound rib roast on top of it. When the

bright young people are coy, be a bull in the china shop of their brittle mentality—not a whimsical bull, like Ferdinand, but a snorting, large-footed bull. Tear their sophistication to shreds, rip their gauzy fabric of whimsy to ribbons. You can do it with comparative ease if you're familiar with your facts and your Bible. And you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you've done battle for something worth while.

The fourth group—the people who try to be funny when they talk religion? I said a moment ago that there's nothing much worse than the bright young people who talk religion pour le sport, but I was wrong. The man who tries to make religion ludicrous is making himself ludicrous. The woman who points an off-colored story with a religious phrase deserves a pinch of cyanide in her tea.

Religion does not lend itself to humor. To mirth and laughter—yes. But that is different. Christ himself loved happiness and joy and a goodly company of friends who would make merry together. As we follow his progress down the rugged road that led from a stable to a cross, we know that the way was dotted with gatherings upon which he never, by word or gesture, placed a damper. The

simple parties at Bethany were made more joyous by his presence. The marriage at Cana was glorified by him, and when he turned water into wine he did it so that the festivity might not take on a meagre aspect. Christ was not a grimly frowning man who sat apart and brooded. He was the center of every group.

But I do not hesitate to say that Christ would have stood up in magnificent wrath if anyone had joked about his mission on earth—at such a time I'm sure that he would have made good use of his strong hands and his flexible muscles.

If anyone ever tries to joke about religion in your presence, you may be as harsh and outspoken as you desire, and you'll be astonished by the amount of sincere applause that comes your way! Even if the joker is the guest of honor, put him in his place—which is the dog house. Make a laughing stock of *him*, as you easily can. Make him the butt of his own joke. Even if he becomes your enemy for life, you have no cause for worry. Such an enemy is a compliment to your intelligence and your good taste.

As I said in my initial paragraph, try to avoid religious discussion whenever it's possible. But

don't avoid it at the expense of religion or your own self respect. You mustn't back water away from your principles—not ever. You mustn't put a dent in your character by following the example of Simon Peter, who denied his Lord. Stand up for your convictions—stand up and, if you're forced to it, go to the mat for them. Many a crusader has walked into a hostile camp dressed in Harris tweed or crepe de chine. Chain armor isn't necessary if you have confidence in your own immortal soul!

Last, but not least—never start a religious conversation to prove that you *are* religious. There are better ways of showing your true colors. By being tolerant and kind and ready to extend a helping hand, you can indicate—beyond doubt—that you are a Christian. By refusing to join the pack that is hounding a gauche social transgressor, you can follow the laws that are laid down by any church. By telling the truth you can shame the devil and, incidentally, some of your friends. By sharing—and *I mean sharing*—you can be a disciple in a modern drawing room.

In other words—and this is *my* last word—don't talk your religion. *Live* it.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SCENES FROM A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Original Steel Engravings

by John Leech (1817-1864)

G. K. CHESTERTON, who was entitled to an opinion, said an extraordinary thing about Christmas. In all history, he said, he could think of only one man who was born at precisely the right time and who produced precisely the right work. The man was Charles Dickens and the work was *A Christmas Carol*. In that particular stage of Victorianism when Dickens lived, the institution known as Christmas was about to die. Dickens not only prevented that death, he performed the miracle of rebirth. But while the little Christmas book made Dickens the lord of English letters, it also made one other reputation. John Leech was twenty-six years old when he received the coveted assignment of illustrating the Dickens book. A terror with artists, the author supervised Leech's work down to the smallest scratch. But when the painstaking task was done the great man pronounced it good. And well he might, for here was the Dickens spirit perfectly captured in another medium.



MARLEY'S GHOST

Leech did four engravings on steel for *A Christmas Carol*, and two drawings which were engraved on wood. This, and the following three, are from steel plates. Dickens was finicky about Scrooge. Leech had to draw the old tyrant innumerable times.

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SCROOGE'S THIRD VISITOR

At the start of his career, Leech was an imitator of Cruikshank, and often the techniques of the two are quite similar. Although Leech was well on his way to an individual style when he illustrated *A Christmas Carol*, the Cruikshank influence is apparent.



THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

In working on steel, Leech had to draw in reverse. Note how this handicap played him false—the letter “Z” in “Ebenezer” is drawn backwards. It is a source of some wonder that the mistake escaped Leech’s eye, a miracle that it got by Dickens.

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MR. FEZZIWIG'S BALL

The system of engraving these plates was a laborious one. Leech did his engraving directly onto the steel. Then, as the plates came off the printer's press, each print was colored by hand. (A multitude of hands, of course, not Leech's very own.) Thus every purchaser of the first edition of *A Christmas Carol* received what were substantially four original water colors.

CORONET

THE NEWSPAPER GOES LITERARY

*MOST REPORTERS HAVE READ A BOOK—
BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE EQUALLY ERUDITE*



IT ISN'T often that a journalist gets the opportunity to show off his knowledge of literature, but when he does he goes to town. Listed are some common allusions found in your daily paper. How

many do you recognize? (Example: a man who has betrayed his trust would, of course, be labeled a Judas.) Thirty correct is superior; 25, excellent; 20, good. Answers are on page 95.

1. When that sweet girl graduate takes a law degree, the caption says she is a . . .

2. Any man who has murdered four or more wives is celebrated in headlines as a . . .

3. Everyone knows that the poor girl who suddenly comes into great wealth is a . . .

4. The missing husband who returns after many years to find his wife remarried is inevitably front-paged as another . . .

5. That nasty old man charged with being the "fence" for a gang of youthful thieves is, of course, referred to as a . . .

6. A respectable citizen by day who goes in for crimes and vice at night is a . . .

7. And who can blame the

headline writer for dubbing a young impetuous lover a . . .

8. The elderly, ugly gent, who exerts a hypnotic influence over the young and beautiful girl artist, is known as a . . .

9. And the Sunday feature article about a fabulously wealthy man calls him a . . .

10. The President can't cross the equator on a fishing trip without a feature on . . .

11. And, speaking of fishing trips, can you imagine an angler not being called an . . .

12. According to the human interest story writer, all amnesia victims are named . . .

13. There are mighty few dramatic critics who have kept from calling an actor a . . .

14. And a commentator on foreign affairs sometimes refers to Great Britain as . . .

15. While the government of these United States is quite often personified as . . .

16. When the hunting season comes along a sports editor can't resist mentioning . . .

17. And don't blame the caption writer if he labels a beautiful lady huntress a . . .

18. A likable chap with personality plus who conducts a number of love affairs simultaneously can be nothing but a . . .

19. That extremely handsome matinée idol is tagged, by his press agent, as an . . .

20. Especially if she's an athlete, that big and husky female is known as an . . .

21. And when a big league manager makes a shrewd and profitable trade, the reporter is likely to call him another . . .

22. If the manager is a slave-driver, the sports writer will refer to him as a . . .

23. If a super-strong man breaks into the day's news he might be called another . . .

24. When the worthy citizen of long standing is discovered to be an escaped convict, the sob sister says he is a . . .

25. And where's the beauty

contest winner who hasn't been captioned as another . . .

26. The passing motorist who stops to aid the victims of an accident is always a . . .

27. Engagements give the society reporter an opportunity to mention that young fellow who carries the bow and arrows . . .

28. Cartoonists keep everybody acquainted with that old Roman, the god of war . . .

29. When a reporter starts frying eggs on the sidewalk, you can be certain that the sun is going to be referred to as . . .

30. The fellow who brings bad luck to his companions has always been known as a . . .

31. Even if your memory doesn't extend to pre-prohibition days, you might know that whiskey, personified, answers to . . .

32. The editorial writer can always sound impressive by calling a legislator a . . .

33. When the baseball game is called off because of rain, the sports reporter is often tempted to put the blame on . . .

34. When the liars' club holds its annual meeting there is often a reference to that most prodigious liar of them all . . .

35. A detective (usually amateur, sometimes official) is jestingly called a . . . —HOWARD COLLINS

WHEN THE TONGUE GETS FROZEN

WORDS PLAY QUEER TRICKS ON US, AND
SOMETIMES IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND



THE members of a certain Kachin tribe refuse to speak aloud their word for "God" on the ground it will bring them bad luck. Murderers shrink from saying "murder" in the presence of their inquisitors. English landladies find "lodgers" too vulgar for their taste and so substitute the genteel "paying guests." The rest of us, neither Kachins, murderers nor English landladies, are not quite so uninhibited in our speech as we would like to think. We all of us have our boggy words.

Let us begin with profanity, obscenity and vulgarity. Boggy words differ with eras and individuals, and although our own age ranks with the Elizabethan and the Restoration for raw speech, and the most fastidious people are addicted to expressions that would have sent Queen Victoria and dear Albert with her into a swoon, the bars are still up in certain directions.

Every mother's son of us is fa-

miliar with dozens of words that never pass our lips. *Someone* has to use them, of course, or they would pass out of the language. But even the most loose-tongued break the conventions in a piece-meal, desultory sort of way.

Most of us, regardless of age, sex, education, moral attitudes, education, are word bigots. We allow precious little rope to others; if they pull too far to the left we label them "crass," too far to the right, "prudes." In friendships, similar vocabularies count for more than a community of ideas.

There is a difference between the standards of speaking and writing. Thousands of people read *Ulysses*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and *My Life and Loves* without batting an eyelash, although the choicer locutions were not part of their working vocabularies. But the very people who used the boggy words were the ones to be most outraged and horrified when the books hap-

pened to fall into their hands.

From profanity and obscenity, it is only a step to the homespun bogy—the simple word avoided by the excessively refined to escape the facts of life. Those who flee from homespun words adopt genteelisms, an art in which the English middle classes are past masters. The Americans, while lagging, have accumulated a sizable collection.

Why is it that time-honored, honest words describing the basic things of life inspire repugnance? Why do the vulgar think that “spit” and “sweat” are vulgarisms? What consolation lies in saying “Peter passed on,” instead of “Peter died”? Some genteelisms are obvious and some would need a volume to explain. In any case, here is a small list of this particular kind of bogy.

HOMESPUN WORD	GENTEELISM
buy	purchase
naked	nude
belly	stomach
die	pass on
sweat	perspire
spit	expectorated
tooth paste	dentifrice
coffin	casket
go to bed	retire
toilet	powder room
smell	odor
Avoidance of the homespun	

bogy words has been helped along in America by business which has created a jargon of its own. Undertakers have become “morticians,” and real estate dealers “realtors.” Department stores advertise “dining room suites” (pronounced soots by most of the customers), “drapes” and “divans.” The land is strewn with “shop-pes,” one delightful variation being “shoppé,” invented, no doubt, by people who imagine that the difference between French and English is a mere matter of accents.

One might strengthen the case against promiscuous use of lewd and profane words by pointing out that it weakens a language to use its ten-dollar words in a game of penny ante. If gutter talk is to retain its force, it must be reserved for special occasions. But whatever may be said for verbal inhibitions in general, no excuse can be found for genteelisms. Most of them should be dumped in the trash bin and the standard words led back in triumph.

Another common reason for halting on the threshold of a word is unpleasant associations. Many an innocent word takes on unpleasant nuances in childhood and the adult is unable to shake them off. A group of people was asked

to rake their memories for bogies and three confessed to shrinking from specific words. These were "scamp," "treat," and "bologney."

It was the vice-president of a bank who couldn't stand "scamp." He did a lot of backing and filling before the story came out. "When I was a boy we had a gay, ne'er-do-well youth on our farm whose minor misdemeanors caused my mother and old maid aunt to refer to him frequently as a 'scamp.' One day when I was about seven he invited me into his room under some pretext or other and gave me an enlightening talk on sex, followed by a solo demonstration and a warning that if I squealed he would cut my tongue out. I kept still but it took me years to recover from the effects, and even in college I was scornfully referred to as 'Galahad.' So the word 'scamp' for me is no amiable synonym for 'rogue' or 'rascal' but a far more sinister label."

A woman doctor told of a youth filled with grinding poverty out on the steppes of Minnesota where her immigrant³ parents struggled away their lives without ever attaining peace or security. "When my father could persuade the hens to lay more than their ordinary stint, he would buy an

orange for each member of the family. This was known as a 'treat' and it is hard to describe the importance of these rare oranges in our lives. By right the word ought to bring up pleasant memories but as a matter of fact it gives me the creeps. It makes me think of a generous man who died before his family could be of the slightest assistance in that pitiful struggle."

A politician, of all people, disliked "bologney." "I was raised by an eccentric grandmother who seemed to have spent her whole life rebelling against the standards imposed on her in a finishing school. She never succeeded in shaking off her fastidious accent but from the butcher boy and other tradespeople she collected a choice lot of epithets that annoyed her friends. She had an incurably skeptical mind and seemed to believe my every word was a lie. I can still see her looking me straight in the eye while I told some aimless, pointless, episode and then out would come the damning 'Bologney!' She put me on the defensive and it took years to get back my self-confidence."

Divorcing a word from its content is admittedly hard but occasionally we do form prejudices based solely on tonal quality. This often accounts for our whims in

proper names. Ask any Yvonne, Ermytrude, Helenmary, Katrinka, Gabriel, Darlene or Waldemar how he or she came by the name and the response will probably be, "Oh my mother, damn her, read it in a book and liked the sound of it."

Men and women have certain vocabularies peculiar to their sex, but while women have appropriated many expressions in the fields of obscenity and profanity that were once the exclusive property of men, men show little disposition to poach on the preserves of women.

In a survey of student vocabularies, Professor J. M. Steadman, Jr., of Atlanta found that college men abhor "cute," "gorgeous," "dainty" and even "love." The boys will probably get over their repugnance to the last but the first three bogies will probably follow them through life. Nor is it likely they will ever say, "My kiddies were naughty last night," or "That's a perfectly darling little hat."

So far we have dealt with bogies that stem from the meaning of words or their associations. But there is another category that has to do with pronunciation. A feeling that we are likely to mangle a word causes us to give it a wide

berth. The most athletic tongues have their troubles. It is obviously impossible to compile lists of this type of bogey for every individual is a case unto himself. The first four people you ask may admit to stumbling over "recalcitrant," "material," "appendectomy" and "phenomenon." The next four may be mystified that such easy words could cause trouble and then admit they break down on "enervated," "height," "disputable," and "curmudgeon." Sometimes a word that ripples off in conversation confounds the tongue when encountered on the printed page. Examples: "misled" and "pinochle."

Here are a few case histories with specific words:

A doctor shies away from "miserable" because he is apt to say "misherable." Patients are likely to conclude it springs from too many cocktails, which is not the case.

The recessive accent in such words as "exquisite," "recondite," and "despicable" is a nuisance to a movie actress. So far she has never encountered them in scripts and she could very well get along without them in conversation; but being a dogged woman (badgering directors for two years did things to her character), she uses

them to prove that nothing can daunt her. Watching her approach "exquisite" reminds you of Junior with his fork suspended over the spinach.

And now the question arises, what are we to do about these boggy words that upset our speech? The genteelism business aside, the answer is nothing — absolutely nothing. They do no harm. A man was once rebuked for fleeing from a snake.

"It's silly," said the rebuker. "You could train yourself out of it by practice."

The answer was, "I see a snake only once a year on the average and it's quicker and easier to run than to spend time trying to cure my phobia."

Cures sometimes lead to mischief. A certain lady we shall call Mrs. White once invited a wealthy uncle to stay at her summer place hoping she and her family would make such a good impression that the uncle would . . . well, she wasn't in a hurry but when the time came she could do with a little extra money.

Before the uncle's arrival she spoke sternly to her husband and children: "Uncle Will has the most frightful nose. It's long and red and seems to fill up his whole face. People in the subway have been

known to break out laughing. He's very sensitive about it so the way to spoil everything is to talk about long noses—anyone's nose. As a matter of fact, while he's here, we won't mention noses at all. Don't even mention a bird's beak.

"Now please try to remember what I have told you!"

The uncle arrived and Mrs. White silently observed that the great nose should have been taken into the movies where such things have a commercial value. The children appeared not to notice. As for Mrs. White, she feared it would slip out, that fatal word that seemed to dance on the tip of her tongue. Noses became her obsession. But still nothing happened. The day of departure came and the farewell pieces were spoken. The uncle had enjoyed a perfect, noseless holiday. Mrs. White spoke up at last, "We've all enjoyed it so much and you must come up and nose us again sometime soon."

The uncle looked straight into her eyes and smiled sourly. The truth took only fifty seconds to filter in.

Every time she looks at Junior, Mrs. White wonders whether it will be Harvard or a correspondence course in chicken raising.

—LOREN CARROLL

FORGOTTEN EXPERIMENTS

Again, as in the case of the experiments described in previous issues, those presented here are neither proven nor disproven. They are the ill-starred experiments, which, although they appeared epochal, were fated to be merely forgotten.

FURTHERMORE, my experiments suggest that one should make artificial rain to induce sleep in the patient. This may be done by making water fall from some high place into a caldron."

Such was a brief report, made almost four hundred years ago, by Am-

broise Paré, whom modern medicine considers the father of surgery.

Now that recent experiments show the efficacy of sounds in many types of illness, Paré's long forgotten experiment may stir in its sleep—perhaps a modern derivation of it might keep sufferers from stirring in theirs.

AT six o'clock on a March evening in 1933 an earthquake rocked Southern California, left over a hundred dead. The center of the damage was the town of Compton. Seismographs placed the center of the quake thirty miles away under the town of Newport. Newport wasn't damaged.

But the fallen tombstones didn't agree with the seismographs. They placed the center of the quake directly under the center of damage, which seemed more logical. That was as Dr. Thomas Clements of the University of Southern California had expected.

Dr. Clements had conducted experiments with upsetting stone markers by means of artificial earthquake shocks and had come to the conclusion that, by plotting the direction of fall of such markers, he could tell the center of an earth shock much

more accurately than with seismographs.

He suggested that his experiments could be checked at the time of earthquakes by noting in what direction tombstones fell. In fact, Dr. Clements checked his theory himself—in the Helena, Southern California, and Santa Barbara quakes. He tied his experiments in with those conducted by Japanese geologist Omori, who used stone lanterns.

And then the light of public attention faded. But earthquakes still go on, and seismographs often place the center of shock in inexplicable places.

If Dr. Clements' experiments were proven accurate, man's knowledge of the phenomena of earthquakes would take a long stride forward. It was in 1936 that the tombstone experiments were last heard from.

"I HAVE been thinking for some time of a machine or apparatus which could be operated by personalities which have passed on to another sphere of existence."

How far experiments with such a machine progressed is not definitely known. That some were conducted is certain. Whatever the results, they

could not fail but be of importance to all those who speculate on the question "perchance to dream."

The man quoted above who was experimenting with a machine by which he hoped the dead would be able to put themselves in communication with the living was Thomas Alva Edison.

SUNSPOTS and sudden death go hand in hand, according to Dr. Maurice Faure of Paris. Before the French Academy of Medicine, Dr. Faure read a paper detailing his experiments in connecting sudden deaths with sunspots.

His work seemed to prove that sudden deaths throughout the world more than double during periods of high sunspot concentration. Further experiments led him to believe that sun-

spots upset a delicate electrical balance in human bodies.

The relation of sunspots to human life, hinted at in a dozen experiments, is a matter of the deepest concern to all the passengers on this contradictory planet. The percentage of sudden deaths gives a definite basis on which calculations can be based.

It was March 2, 1927, that Dr. Faure arose to address his French colleagues.

THAT the blind can learn to see through their skin was proved to the satisfaction of several well-known physiologists and novelist Anatole France, who witnessed the experiments of Jules Romains.

M. Romains, who described his experiments in a book and demonstrated them before reliable witnesses, claimed that Ranvier's manisci, microscopic nerve organs in the skin, are potential eyes, that it is possible to learn to see with them.

Under M. Romains' training, subjects learned to distinguish light and dark with "eyes" in their cheeks,

fingers, and noses. Some were able to read a page of type, to distinguish colors.

His theory would explain the many inexplicable cases of so-called "X-ray eyes," of people who have driven a car blindfolded, and of the natives of Samoa who long have claimed that those who are blind can see through their flesh.

But in 1924 the spotlight of public attention shifted, and Romains' experiments were relegated to that land of "incomplete proof" from which few experiments ever return.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

CAN YOU ESCAPE RHEUMATISM?

FEW OF US KNOW AS MUCH AS WE SHOULD ABOUT
THE GREATEST OF ALL CAUSES OF DISABILITY



MOST of us, at any rate those of us who are still fairly young, do not give much thought to the disease we are most likely, sooner or later, to have.

We do not realize that of all physical ills besetting mankind, one disease leads all the rest. And it is not the one an average person would ever guess.

Luckily, it is well down from the top of the list as a cause of death. Cancer, and diseases of the heart, lungs and kidneys, are the outstanding killers; but no one of them is the greatest cause of distress and suffering. The most common single cause of chronic illness is rheumatism.

The great majority of us, if we live to the age of 50, are likely to have at least a touch of rheumatism. But we don't need to worry about this, because the kind of rheumatism that comes from advancing age is not necessarily severe—just a stiffening of the joints to remind a person he is

not quite so spry as he once was.

Though the term, rheumatism, is applied to muscles, tendons, and ligaments as well as to joints, at least nine-tenths of all rheumatic cases are of stiffened joints. Physicians call this arthritis.

Most cases fall into two classifications: (1) rheumatoid arthritis, and (2) osteo-arthritis. The first starts with inflammation in the tissues about a joint; the second is caused more by degeneration of the joint itself. Age has nothing to do with the onset of rheumatoid arthritis. It may strike even children, though most often the victims are between 20 and 40. An encouraging thing is that it is abnormal and if we knew enough about the cause, it could be avoided. Sooner or later it doubtless will be wiped out. But at present the worst arthritis cases, the wheel-chair or bed-ridden victims, are of this variety. Cold, damp, changeable climates seem to be the worst places for it.

Almost never does it occur in tropical climates and there is less danger of it toward the north or south pole. Women are more susceptible to it than men.

On the other hand, osteoarthritis is not much influenced by locality or climate, and unlike the other kind, men rather than women are more subject to it. Though it is caused by advancing age, usually it is less severe when the general health is good. Sometimes the main difficulty is from a diet deficiency, or constipation. It is a mistake, however, to look for just *one* cause. We would all like thus to simplify the problem and think that if we have a bad tooth pulled or eat differently all will be well. But the real cause is more likely to be a combination of hidden ailments.

A lamentable fact is that medical men know altogether too little about either the causes or treatment of arthritis. Yet they have had plenty of time to find out, for chronic arthritis existed long before recorded history. Studies of mummies have shown that the pre-dynastic Egyptians had it.

But worse than the lack of exact knowledge about causes, is the fact that most physicians do not even have the information they

might have about treatment. Arthritis is more responsive to treatment than most people, including many physicians, are aware. Under proper care many cases can be completely cured, and *most* patients could be made more comfortable. The average physician, however, is likely to raise false hopes by trying to find *one* cause and *one* remedy. Best results have been obtained when the physician goes on the theory that there must be a loss of balance between disease and resistance and says to himself: "We'll try to improve *everything* that may help your general resistance to whatever is causing the trouble."

Here we come to the real tragedy of the situation: the kind of treatment needed, requiring the best scientific knowledge, may last for weeks or months and this is costly. Yet rheumatoid arthritis is most widely prevalent among those least able to stand the expense. Hence there is desperate need for free sanitariums, state institutions, specializing in treatment for arthritis, just as there are for those suffering from tuberculosis or insanity. But in the United States there is not one such institution. In Sweden where the co-operative sense is more advanced than it is here, there are

four such sanitariums, besides special wards in general hospitals. But though public hospitals in the United States do take an occasional rheumatic patient, seldom is the place organized to use all the latest scientific knowledge. In clinics and hospitals where the best treatment *can* be carried out, the charge for a preliminary study of the case might easily be a hundred dollars and the daily cost hardly less than ten dollars. If the disease hangs on for several months, the cost for an average patient may be prohibitive. He sees gradual improvement and has reason to believe he can be cured if the treatment is continued, but he can't afford it. Thus, when a person without much money is a victim of arthritis, he is out of luck. The only exceptions are young children—for there are always people willing to endow hospitals for crippled children. Indeed, such hospitals often engage in keen competition for patients, since those employed there must make it evident that their jobs are necessary.

Why are we, in a country of almost limitless natural wealth, doing so little for the victims of the most disabling of chronic diseases? Simply because man is a selfish animal. We help the fel-

low who has tuberculosis to be cured because we fear that he might spread the disease. *We* might get it. Likewise, we are willing to pay for the care of an insane patient, lest he go on a rampage and harm *us*. But we know that rheumatism is not contagious and therefore show little interest in its victims. We have stupidly failed to perceive that if a man is disabled, unable to earn his living, we *all* lose. He and his family must somehow be taken care of and whatever he might accomplish is lost to society as a whole.

However, we are showing signs of waking up. More than ten years ago a Committee for the Control of Rheumatism was formed in the United States, to co-operate with an International League in Europe. The committee now includes laymen as well as physicians, though they are careful to exclude anyone having vaccines or other "cures" to sell. An important part of the work of this committee is to make it known to the medical profession that, even with only the present store of knowledge, an arthritis case should not be considered hopeless. Fortunately, though not much is known about exact causes of rheumatoid arthritis, a good deal is known about

how it may successfully be treated—just as is true of many other diseases; doctors know more about how to treat measles than they do of its causes.

To begin with, it has been proved that rest and other methods for improving bodily resistance are of great importance to an arthritis victim. But a competent physician tries to improve everything that could possibly aid recovery. After he has determined by X-ray, blood tests, and other means, what kind of rheumatism a patient has, he makes a thorough examination to try to find if there is: a mechanical defect in a joint, local infection (such as diseased tonsils), intestinal disturbance, poor circulation, abnormal blood pressure, nutritional deficiency, weakness from a previous illness, or abnormal mental strain. Many arthritis patients have had a poorly-balanced diet. They need plenty of vitamin-containing foods without too many starches and sugars. "Joints hate starches and sweets." It hasn't been many years since meat was taboo for rheumatics but the idea that meat is harmful is no longer accepted.

Patients have often been led to place too much hope in local or general applications of heat. Though this is useful for loosening

joints or improving local circulation it is only one phase of general treatment. Other patients have been led to believe that if they can be thrown into a fever, the infecting organisms will be killed and the rheumatic stiffness will cease. But since it has never been proved that a specific infection is the cause, trying to kill the infecting organism can hardly be counted on as a cure. True, an artificially-created fever does sometimes seem helpful, but the best doctors do not pretend to know exactly why.

Numerous vaccines intended for treatment of rheumatoid arthritis are on the market, each with the claim that it has a specific effect, but here again there is guesswork when a "specific" cure is aimed at a cause not yet known. Other vaccines, however, intended only to improve the general fighting quality of the blood against disease, are regarded as having a reasonably good chance of being useful. Those physicians whose work has proved most successful have used vaccines only as part of a general treatment. A patient is probably justified in being suspicious of a doctor who places too much reliance on vaccines alone.

Drugs seem to be least important of all and the more successful

physicians use them only to relieve pain, with no expectation that they will contribute much toward a permanent cure.

All this is discouraging for anyone who thinks he has found the one sure cure. But the encouraging fact is that, regardless of which part of a general treatment is most important, it is possible to cure even obstinate cases of the more serious type of arthritis. Where a complete cure is not made, it is at least possible greatly to ameliorate a patient's condition—particularly if treatment is begun in the disease's earlier stages.

One study of a large group showed that more than four-fifths of all treatments begun within six months after the disease first became troublesome, were successful. A number of patients had been cured after years of helplessness. One patient was able to resume normal activities after almost eighteen years.

The fact is that there are not many chronic ills for which more can be done. But the treatment must be general and requires much time and patience. That's why the average physician hates to see a rheumatic sufferer enter his office. He knows there is not much he can do that will show immediate results and that a prolonged

treatment may be beyond the patient's ability to pay. Frequently the physician in general practice does not know what to do, no matter how much time or money the patient is prepared to spend, and offers only discouragement. One patient who did not improve after his tonsils were removed was told by his doctor that there was nothing more to be done. What the doctor meant was that there was nothing more *he* knew to do. Something *was* done by more competent physicians and the patient was practically cured.

Thousands of men and women are today suffering from chronic arthritis and regard themselves as hopeless cripples, though they could be restored to useful activity if they only had the money to pay for the best and most scientific treatment.

That's the situation that must be remedied. No one in this country must be permitted to become a public charge and lead a life of suffering when there is treatment available that could restore him to health.

In a country so rich and so progressive as the United States it is almost criminally negligent to let people suffer when their only offense is lack of wealth.

—FRED C. KELLY

EVERYDAY PSYCHOLOGY

YOU APPLY THESE PRINCIPLES FREQUENTLY—NOW
CHECK THEM AGAINST THE FINDINGS OF EXPERTS



How well-founded is your knowledge of practical psychology? Here are twenty-five psychological statements. Some of these statements are facts; some of them are fantasies. Read each

assertion and mark it fact or fantasy. If you get nineteen or more right your score is superior to two-thirds of a group of businessmen who took this same test.

Answers are on page 128.

- X 1. It is always easy to determine whether a person is normal or abnormal. *Fact*
- ✓ 2. Men are more intelligent than women. *Fact*
- ✓ 3. There is a relationship between one's interests and abilities. *Fact*
- X 4. There are many words which are only vaguely understood, yet these words usually stir our emotions. *Fantasy*
- ✓ 5. General muscular tension affects our thinking. *Fact*
- ✓ 6. The only reason people smoke cigarettes is that they crave the stimulating effects of the nicotine. *Fact*
- ✓ 7. Insanity is incurable. *Fantasy*
- X 8. Some dishonest persons can look you straight in the eye. *Fantasy*
- X 9. Most American college students have a tendency toward over-

estimating their desirable traits.

X 10. It has not been proven that smoking tobacco slows up thinking. *Fantasy*

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to measure it, is not fixed at birth; *i.e.*, subsequent training and experience can raise or lower intelligence.

✓ 18. After two experienced interviewers have interviewed the same person, they usually closely agree as to the person's traits and capabilities.

19. Loss of sleep impairs manual work more than it does mental work.

20. A person is either an introvert or an extrovert.

21. The sense most important when eating a meal is the sense of taste.

22. The fear of water is inborn in human beings.

23. After all, the only way we can really judge others is in reference to ourselves.

24. Our dreams have significance.

✓ 25. The study of mathematics greatly helps one to learn to think logically.

—WILLIAM JAMES GIESE

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

THE eminent Chinese philosopher Chuang Chou—called by everybody Chuang Tzu—was taking a stroll outside the city with his friend Hui Tzu. On coming to a bridge they stopped for rest and meditation. Suddenly Chuang Tzu, pointing to the river flowing beneath them, said to his companion:

“Look at those fish. How freely they swim. This is the happiest hour for the fishes.”

Hui Tzu pondered a moment and then said: “But you are not a fish, how can you know what is the joy of a fish?”

“On the other hand you are not I,” Chuang Tzu argued. “How can you know that I do not know the joy of a fish?”

Hui Tzu smiled. “To be sure I am not you, and in truth I do not know

your mind, but following this line of thought, you certainly are not able to know what thought is in the mind of a fish.”

That evening Chuang Tzu dreamed a dream. In his dream he suddenly turned into a butterfly and flitted to and fro among the flowers in his own garden, thoroughly happy. He had completely forgotten that he was a man known as the philosopher Chuang Tzu.

Later he awoke, and only after examining himself did he realize that he had changed again into Chuang Tzu. Out of this, accordingly, there arose the problem: after all was it Chuang Tzu who had dreamed he had changed into a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming that it had changed into Chuang Tzu!

—GEOFFREY W. ROYALL



HEIN GORNY

NEW YORK

WINTER WISPS

DECEMBER, 1939

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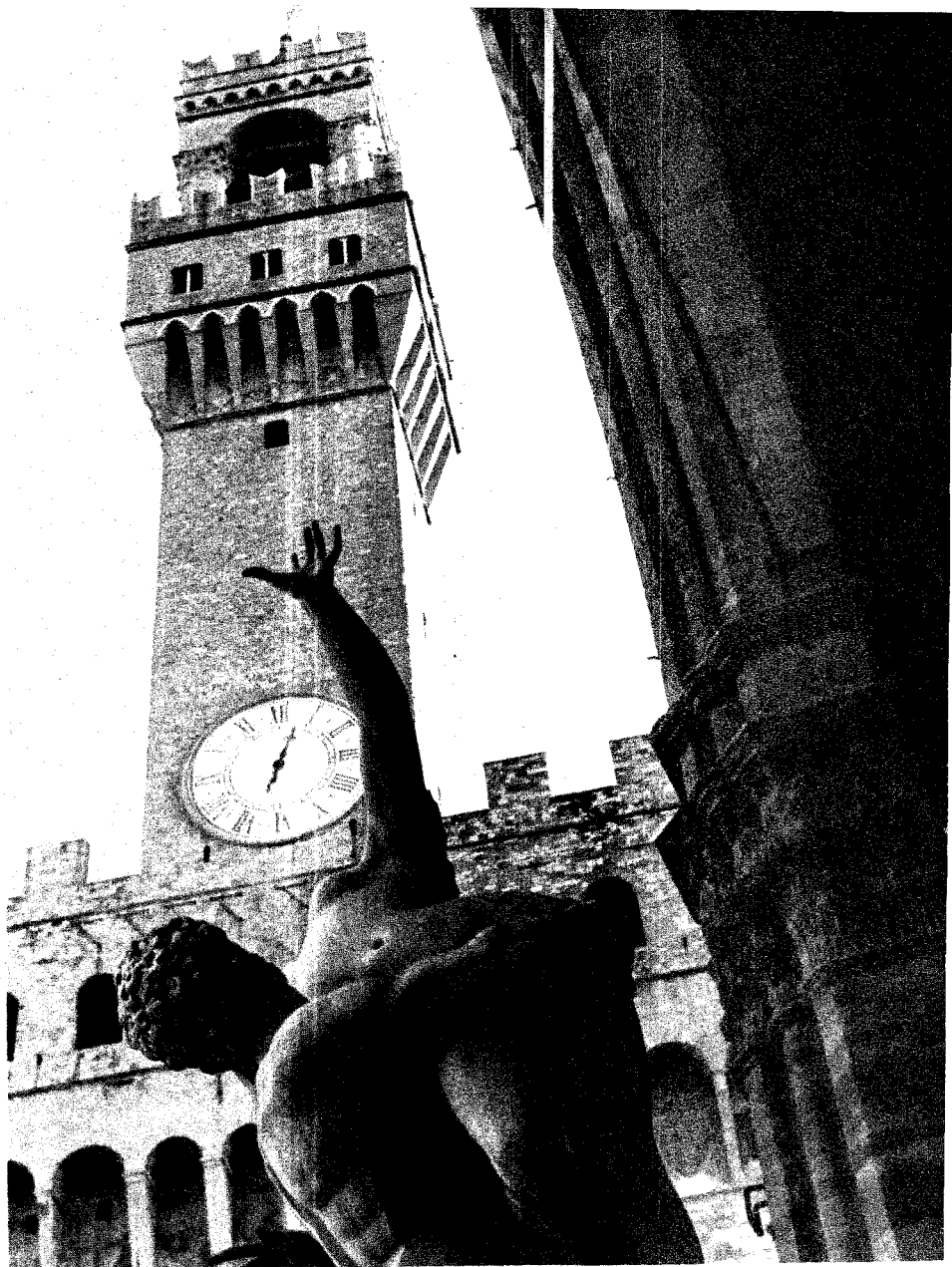
BERKÓ

BOMBAY

COBBLE BUBBLES

CORONET

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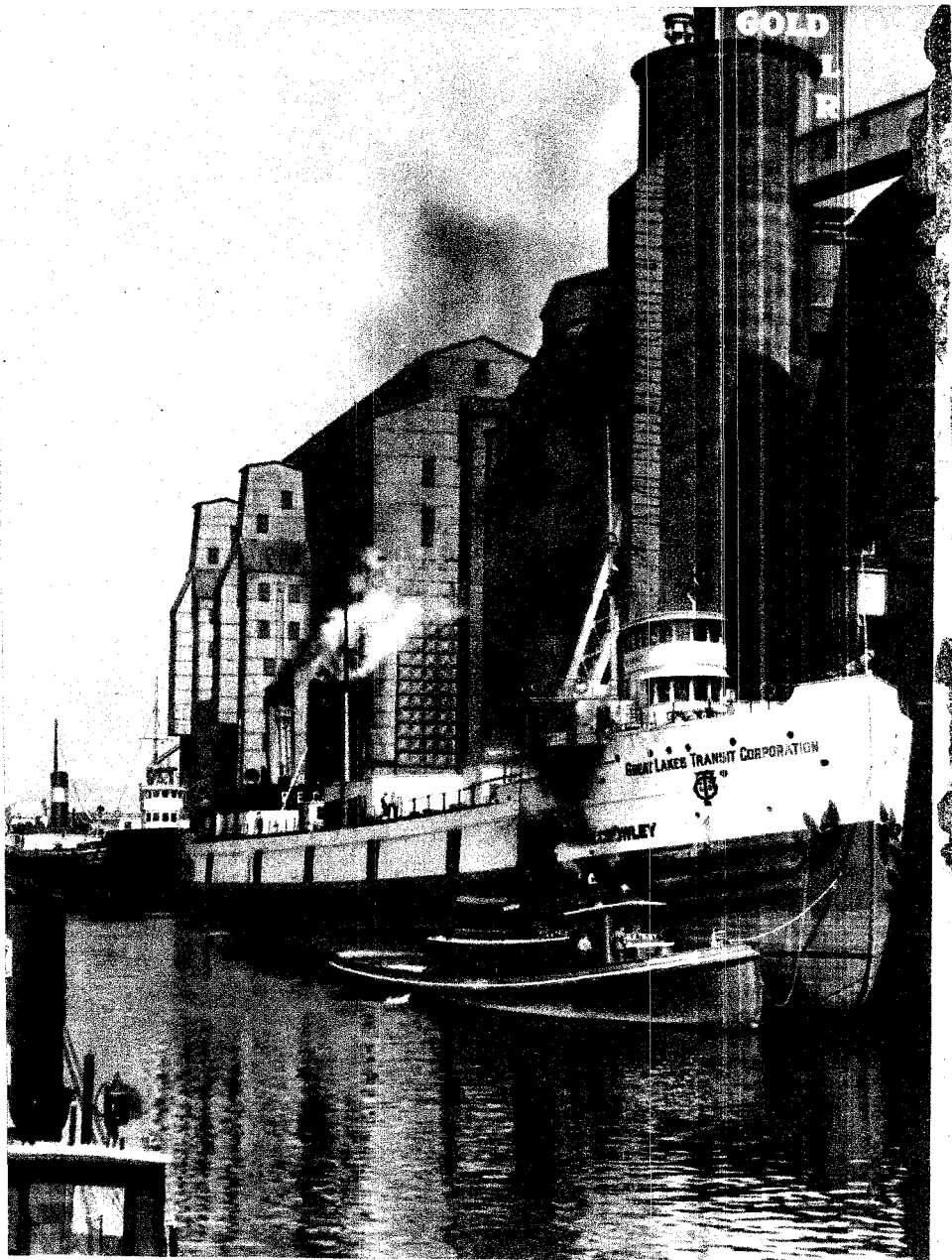
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LOS ANGELES

PALAZZO VECCHIO

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RIVER HARVEST

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ERLEE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

FROZEN MUSIC

DECEMBER, 1939

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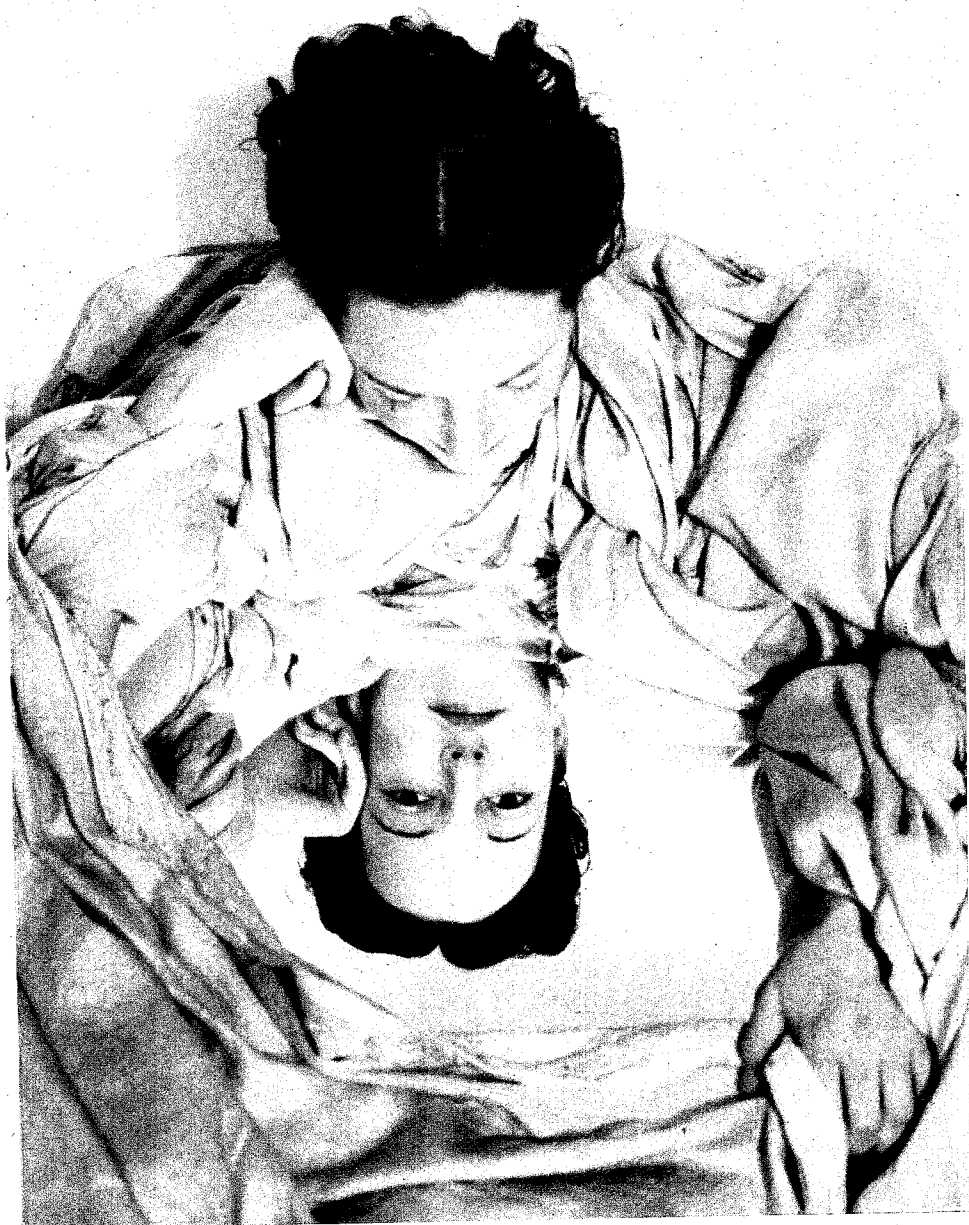


HEINZ VON PERCKHAMMER

FROM EUROPEAN

HEAVEN'S GATE

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

KNOW THYSELF

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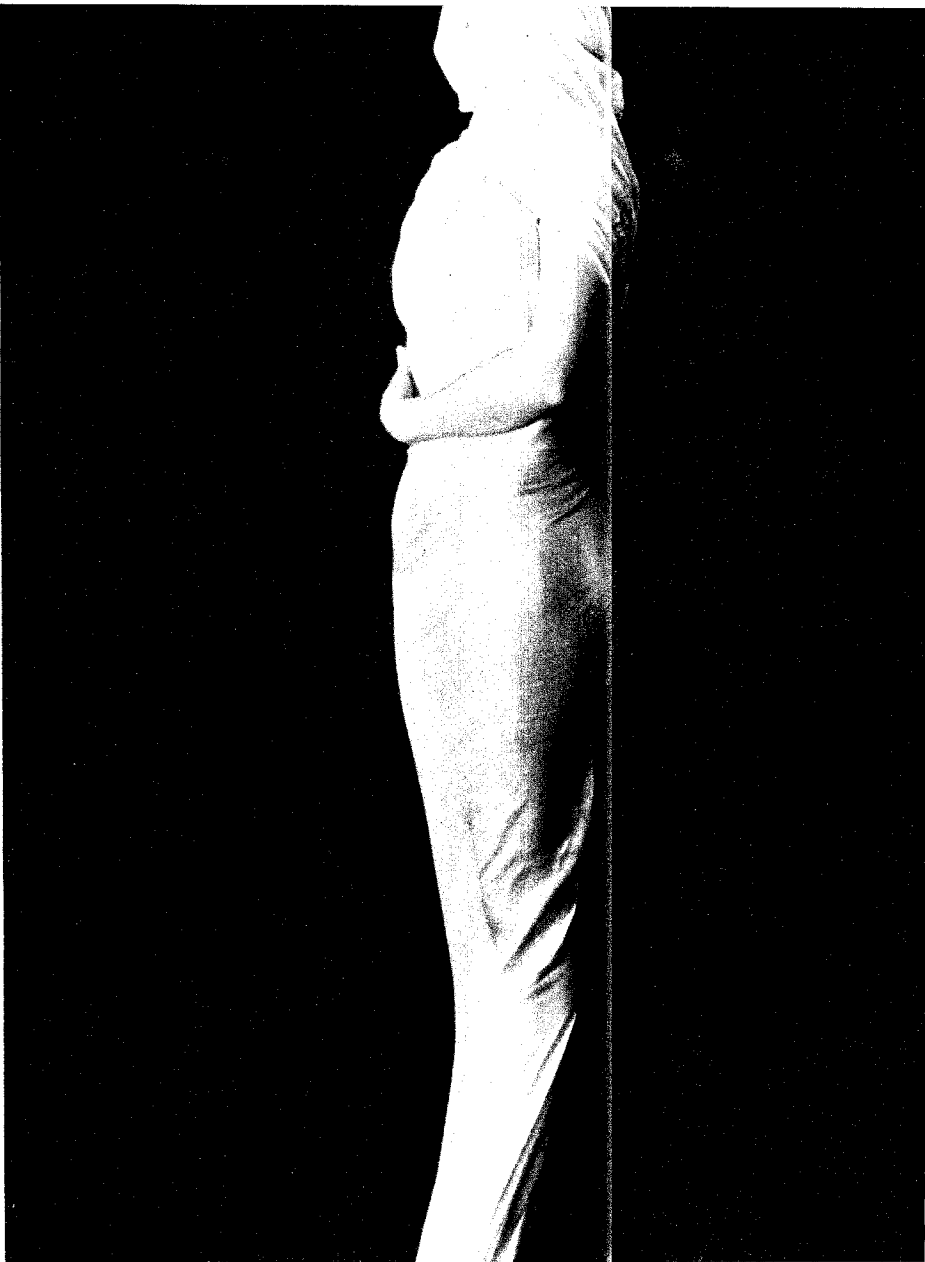
BRASSAI

PARIS

SAMSON SHORN

CORONET

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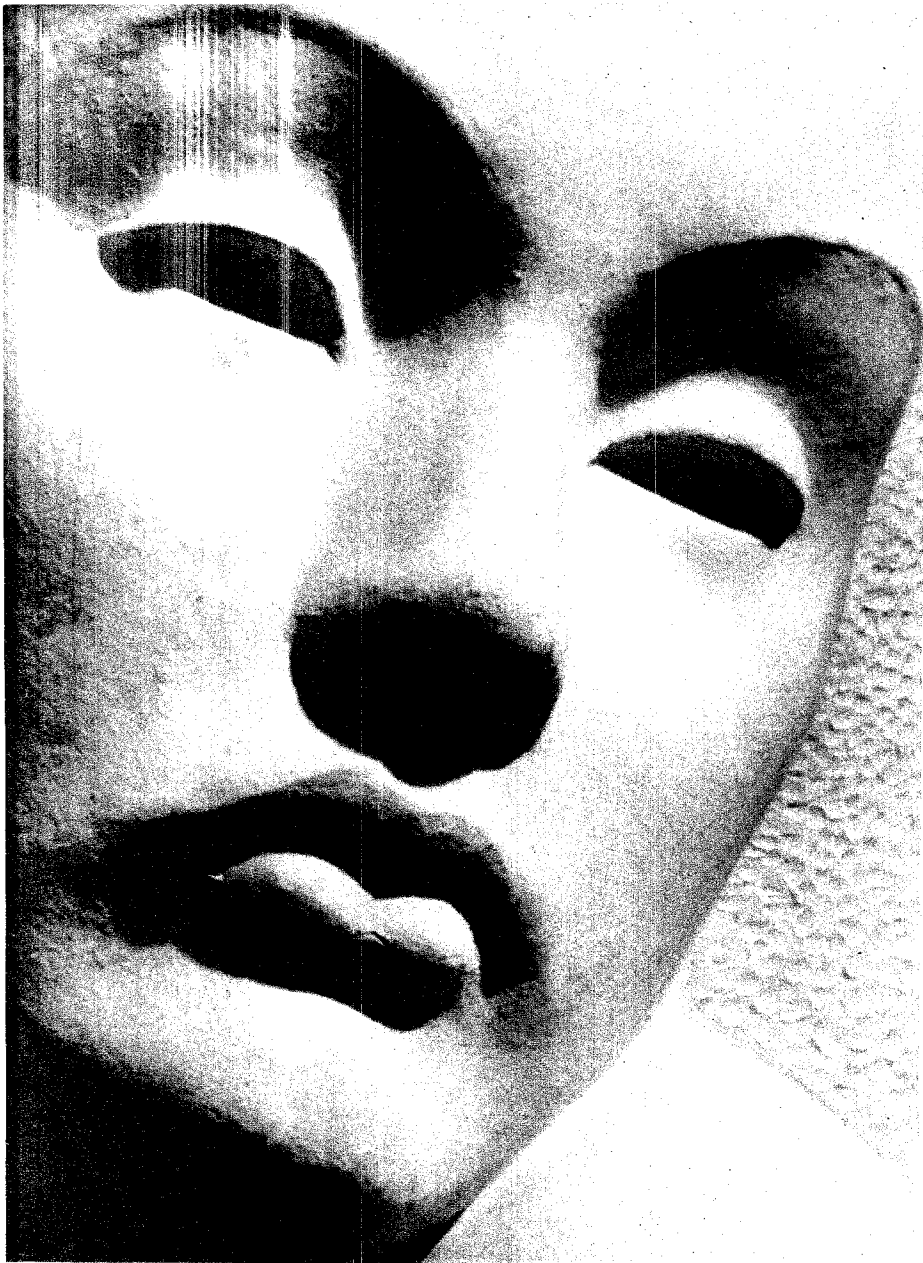
ERWIN BLUMENFELD

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THE MOBLED QUEEN

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

IMITATION...

CORONET

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

... OF LIFE

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

SNOWPACKED

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STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

UPWIND

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JENŐ DENKSTEIN

BUDAPEST

CHORUS BOYS

CORONET

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EDWARD QUIGLEY

FROM GRAPHIC

HYDROPHOBIA

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DAVID QUAID

SPRING LAKE, NEW JERSEY

THE DICTATOR

CORONET

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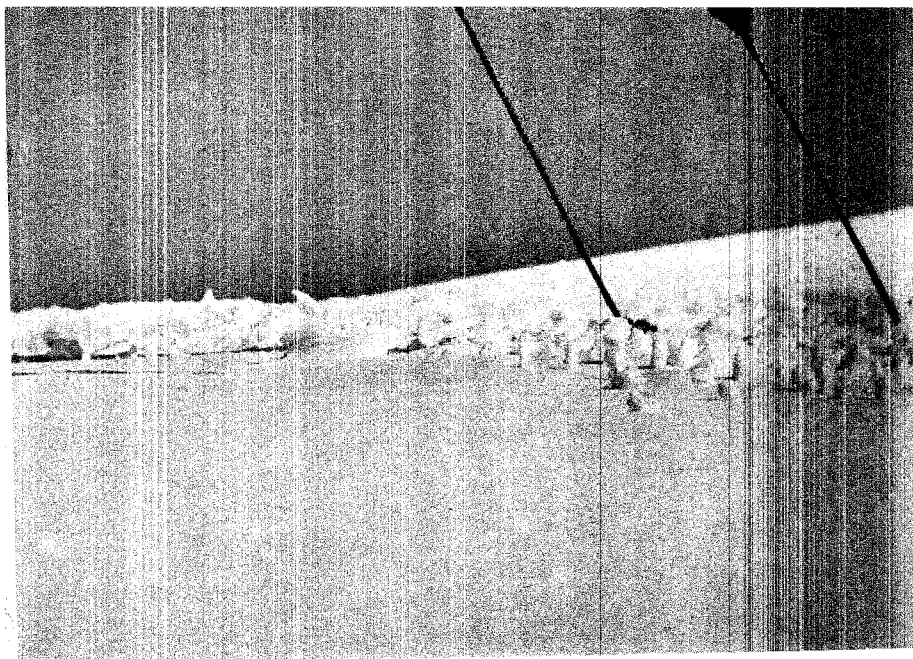
CY LA TOUR

ALTADENA, CALIF.

SNOW FOX

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HEIN GORNY

NEW YORK

SLALOM



BRASSAI

PARIS

BUNDLED

CORONET

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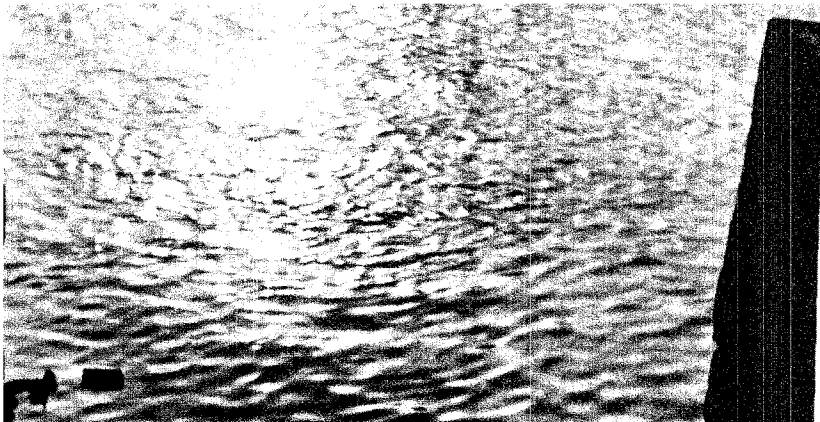


STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

HUSH!

DECEMBER 1979
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WILLIAM ALBEE

WARRENVILLE, ILL.

THAWED

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KÁROLY KLETZ

MISKOLC, HUNGARY

FESTIVE BOUGH

CORONET

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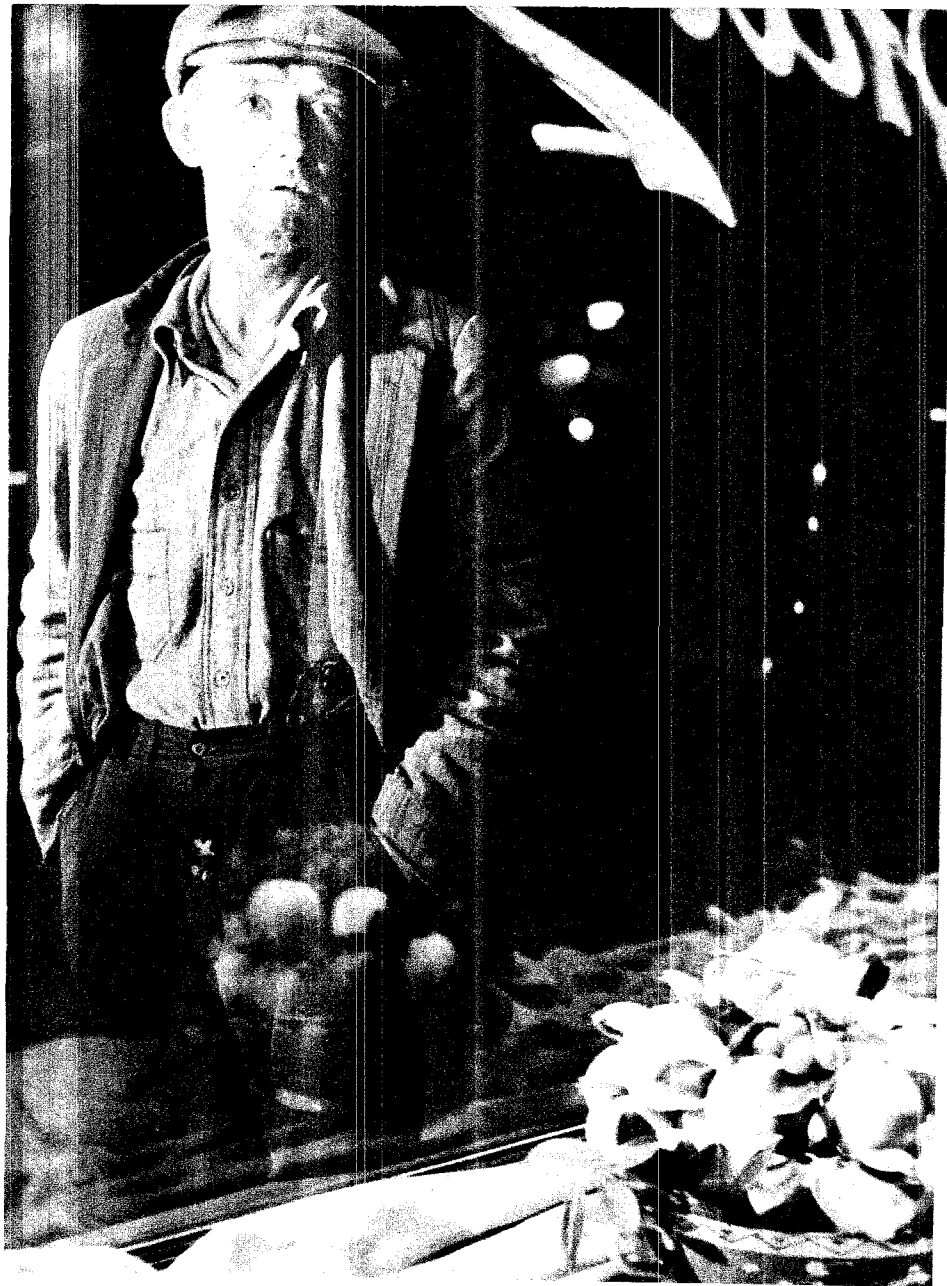


STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

GENTLY, BROTHER

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FROM RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION

FRUITLESS

CORONET

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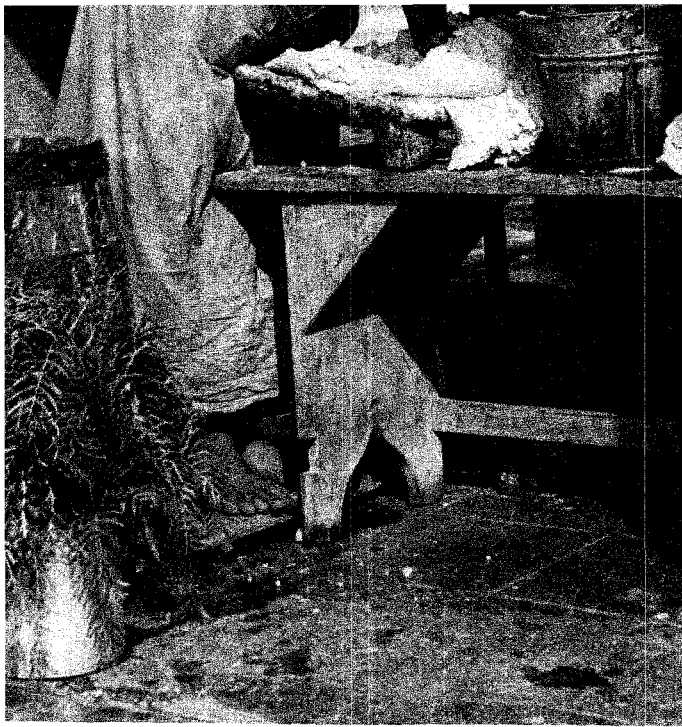
BRASSAI

PARIS

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

DECEMBER 1939

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HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

A WOMAN'S WORK

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BRASS

PARIS

IS NEVER DONE

DECEMBER, 1939

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BERKÓ

BOMBAY

DIVISION OF LABOR

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IN DE BOSOM OF DE LORD

BLACK PETER HE TALL AND HE POWERFUL BUT HE
CAIN' SAY NO TO HIS WOMAN, WAITIN' FOR TO DIE



BLACK PETER laid down his shovel when the whistle blowed, he lifted up his big black shoulders and stretched his weary arms, he pulled up his muscles against his grey cotton shirt and sucked in his belly till the ridge of his backbone touched his belt buckle; but his heart was bowed down like a lump of hard black coal. A little light was in the sky between the skeleton of the building going up above him and Black Peter lifted up his face and rolled his eyes at the sky until the whites stuck out like white sheets in the dark of night. Then he lifted up his voice and talked to the sky man to man right through the skeleton of the cathedral.

"Wha for my Sally cain be bury in this church?" he said and his voice ripped a two by four right off the wall. "Wha for she cain be bury in this church I makin with my hands an shovel? Ain she good woman? Ain she tall an strong an cain she love the bes o

any black woman in Polk County? Ain she good cook an don't she love de Lawd?" He sighed and a long drawn wind blew up between the skeleton of the building and blacked out the sky. "Bishop, he say no," moaned big Black Peter, "Bishop say jus president get buried in this church, but Sally say I got to be buried in de Lawd's house else de debbil gets my soul, I got to rest in de bosom ob de Lawd cause I ain got nough religion to resis ole debbil if I lay in a cold earth grave."

Then Black Peter he stand there big an black an listen at the sky rumblin an moanin and the sun hissing when it hit the ocean on the far side of the world, but the sky don't say nothin. The sky jus sit and rumble an moan an rumble an moan.

So Black Peter raises up his feet where they been pushed in the ground and he shakes his shoulders and starts for home. The sky keeps right on rumbling

and it don't say no word. But the big buildings on each side the street, they lean together till they near meet in the middle of the sky patch and as Black Peter walk along the sidewalk, he hear em laugh. He walk along and he look up and the brick an buildings have blotted out the sky and he hear the buildings laugh behind him. Some of em laugh high up like the clarinet laugh, an some soft and low like the saxophone laugh, an low down an harsh an mockin like the trombone laugh and they all go together in a jumble of crazy sound.

Long last Black Peter come to the shack where at he live. Long last Black Peter walk down the path where at his wife lie sick and the buildings back behind him stick up in the sky and sway an turn but he don hear them laugh ceptin the echo that goes roun and roun inside his big black head. He walk down the path an his big slopin shoulders fill the sky where the sun was fore it went down. He walk down the path and he open up the door an he go in. There on the bed Sally lift up her head and the red fire shoots right out of both her eyes. She looks up at him from off her bed and the skin has stretched where her cheek bones stick out

and the red death shoots right out her two big eyes.

"Black Peter," she say, "Black Peter, did you fix it with the Bishop that I lie in the church when I dead an gone? Did you fix it with de Lawd's man that my soul live in heaven an de devil stay locked outside?"

Then Black Peter he know that he cain say no. Black Peter he tall and he strong and he big and he wide but he cain say no to his woman lyin in the bed waitin for to die. So he raise up his head an he roll his big black eyes an says, "I'm Black Peter an I'm big an I'm strong an sure as I stand in this house an raise my voice I fixed it with de Lawd. As sure as I stand here an roll my eyes, when you die you goin to sleep in de bosom ob de Lawd."

Then Sally she show her teeth and smile real big an wide and the fire in her eyes die down a little and she stretch her long legs an she say, "I knowed you fix it, big boy, I knowed you do me right. And now pretty soon come time for me to die. I can hear the death trumpet blowin." And pretty soon when it's dark and the moon is covered with a long black cloud the death angel rises up and silently takes the spirit of Sally in his long dark fingers.

So Black Peter he sits on the edge of the bed and he think. He gets up and walk along the floor of the room an he think. He looks out the window at the tall black sky and he think some more. He think so hard an so long that his head starts to hurt. But Black Peter, he keep right on thinkin. He think so hard an so long that his head near bust and he give big groans from the tip of his belly that shake the windows, but he don stop thinkin till he has thought of everything he needs to think of.

Then he turn to the still figure on his bed and says, "Sally, the Bishop he say no, but I'm Black Peter an I say yes!" And then he take a sheet and wrap it round his wife's body and he lifts her up in his arms and down the street he goes. But it's black night and a cloud is over the moon and nobody is out on the street. It's black night and he makes giant strides right down the middle of the street and he very sad so he sing a sad sad song. This song it don't have no words but it go slow and easy and sad an mournful and it sound like a woman coming out of the earth, and it sound like the cry that a child gives when it's born, and it sound like the whine of a dog when its

master die. So Black Peter walk on down the empty street.

When he come to the place where the cathedral is standing all bare and naked like a skinny man against the sky he stops and goes right to its middle and he looks around. There are some forms set for a floor and he takes Sally and lays her in the very center. He crosses her arms and he covers her face with the sheet. He looks up for a minute at the sky, but not for long cause he has work to do.

"I been workin all my life an I live a long time but I ain't yet never built a floor in a church by myself," says Black Peter. So he stands up straight and he bunches his muscles till the sleeves of his grey cotton shirt split wide open and he bows his back till the shirt pops right off him. Then he grab a wheelbarrow and he hauls sand and he hauls gravel till he caint reach the top of the pile. And he goes to the stack of cement and he brings cement, four sacks at a time. And he labors and brings material and he throws em in a mixer and shoots in some water. Now this mixer is so big and so heavy they got a special engine built just to turn it, because nothing but a special engine will pull that big

hunk of iron around. But Black Peter, he don't know nothin' bout no engine. He just take a crowbar and bend a handle and put it in that mixer. Then he turn on that handle, but the handle don't move. Then Black Peter, he get mad. He feel the hot fire rise right up inside him and he say, "I done haul sand and I done tote cement. I done bend a crowbar for a handle and I tell my wife she gonna be buried in this here church and I ain't goin' let no stubborn big bellied mixer stop me now."

So he rooted both his feet three inches in the ground and he pulled in his belt three notches and he spit on his hands three times. Then he grabbed a holt of that handle and his back bowed, and his eyes stuck out, and his shoes groaned. Nothin' moved. Then he took three long breaths and his undershirt popped right off his back and the sky turned yellow and the ground trembled, but the mixer went round and around.

So Black Peter mixed and turned and sweated and poured and the concrete run out and covered up his wife layin' all peaceful in the church house, and finally, just before the sun came up out of the moaning sea that floor lay poured all smooth and

beginning to dry on the very top.

Then Black Peter laid down his shovel and he took what was left of his shirt and he put it on and he sighed down deep in his belly cause he was mighty mighty tired. He lifted up his feet and he walked out of there and he walked till he saw a saloon and Black Peter went in and stood at the bar. The barkeep say, "What you want?"

Black Peter lift up his eyes that are not white no more, but filled with blood, he lift up his weary shoulders that weigh like a Missouri mule and he say, "I'm tired an I'm weary, I'm weary an tired and I want some gin so I can shut my eyes an rest, but I just finish rasslin' with de debbil hisself so don't bring it in no bottle. Just take a big water bucket an fill it with gin an put it right here in front of me cause dis night I laid my woman in de Lawd's own bosom."

So the barkeep took and fetched him a big water bucket filled with gin. And Black Peter raised up that bucket and drank down the gin without takin' his mouth off the edge of the bucket. Then he smacked his lips and laid down on that hard wood floor and slept for two days and nights without once moving.

—TORRENCE FERGUSON

THE GENERAL WAS MAD

ANTHONY WAYNE'S FIRST ENGAGEMENT PROVED
HIM A BORN SOLDIER: LATER ONES, A GREAT ONE



AT MIDNIGHT on the fourteenth of July, 1779, the British sentry mounted on the low ground below Stony Point thought he heard a splash across the flooded marsh. Suddenly tensed, he called out, "Who goes there?" There was no answer. But now the sentry was certain he had heard the riffled play of oars against the water. "Who goes there?" he repeated hollowly. Again there was no answer and the soldier, his body taut with alarm, pulled his musket to his shoulder and fired a shot across the marsh.

As the sound rolled out over the water and ascended to the fortifications on the precipice the night became alive with cries and curses. "Forward!" a voice boomed. Boats grounded on shore and feet tramped on the wet ground. A fusillade from a small detachment farther away drew red brush strokes in the darkness and attracted the attention of the garrison from the waterfront. Mean-

while shadowy figures hurried to the base of the cliff, hacked away at the abatis, and began to clamber up the sides.

From above another burst of rifle-fire tore violently at the night. Men shrieked, lost their footing and hurtled downward. But others rushed up to scale the heights. . . . The British cannon spat red fire. To the right and to the left of the fort other columns attacked. Sharp bayonets worried up the sides and thrust at the enemy gunners. By dawn Stony Point, the British stronghold, had surrendered to the American "rebels" under the personal leadership of thirty-four-year-old Brigadier-General Anthony Wayne.

A fort that had been reckoned well nigh impregnable had been stormed and taken by a picked corps of brave men under a brilliant young commander. "Mad" Anthony, his men called the youthful brigadier, veteran of the invasion of Canada, of Ticon-

deroga, Brandywine and Monmouth. By "mad" they meant daring and courageous. Wayne's less resourceful brother officers meant less complimentary adjectives by the same word. Washington himself, the Commander-in-Chief, beset by the jealousy and incompetence of brigadiers unworthy of a corporal's file and major-generals who had earned their rank through political influence, offered quiet praise. Congress struck off a gold medal for Anthony Wayne and gave lesser recognition to his subordinates on that night of danger. The news of the victory acted like a tonic on the united colonies.

★ ★ ★

Anthony Wayne was born in Easttown, Pennsylvania in 1745 when the wilderness was hardly a day's journey away and the Indian tribes were still frequent visitors to the lands on the Delaware which they had but lately surrendered. His grandfather had fought for his king. His father, who had many times defended his county from redskinned marauders, was a well-to-do landowner.

Young Anthony was educated at his Uncle Gabriel's academy in Philadelphia but he was impatient with books when there was man's work that every willing

lad might do. At eighteen, in the year of Pontiac's Conspiracy, he became a surveyor in Westmoreland and Cumberland Counties. Two years later he took a boatload of settlers up to Nova Scotia as an agent for a proposed colony in which Benjamin Franklin was interested. He had no sooner come back from Nova Scotia than he was sent out to manage the tiny colony.

Returning to civilization, *i.e.*, Waynesborough and Philadelphia, he got himself married at twenty-two and decided to forego wilderness life for the time. At prosperous Waynesborough he now supervised the fields, the stock and the tannery. In 1774 he was sent to the colonial legislature of Pennsylvania.

Young, handsome, well-to-do and spirited in temper, Anthony Wayne sat on one of the committees that hurled the gage into the teeth of the British Empire and declared a boycott of British merchants and merchandise. When the news of Lexington and Concord came young Wayne began to thumb through his Caesar's *Commentaries* and to drill the youths. This was not yet revolution: merely organized protest against a foolhardy ruler.

Then the die was cast. The

King had called it "rebellion" and would put it down by force of arms. There was hardly a choice left and Anthony Wayne did not seek to find it. He, who had never been under fire, was awarded a colonelcy and was sent out with the Pennsylvania Line to join General Washington. Behind him he left Waynesborough, his mother, his wife and his two children.

His first active duty Colonel Wayne saw in Canada, which had been invaded by an expeditionary force under Benedict Arnold the year before. American fortunes there were now at low ebb. At Three Rivers Wayne received his first lesson in military strategy as the American forces were defeated by superior numbers. Fighting a brilliant rear-guard action the young Colonel helped to save eleven hundred men from capture: he was among the last to turn as the enemy poured through the woods.

Thus in his initial engagement he had demonstrated that he was one of that rare breed: a born soldier, one whose blood thrilled to the smoke of battle and the heat of personal combat; vain of his own powers and scornful of the enemy but prudent enough to think for the safety of his command.

The summer of 1776 Wayne was at Fort Ticonderoga. Other officers might squabble about rank and preferment. Wayne spent his days drilling his men and helping to make the post as strong as possible against a British advance from Canada.

In the winter the garrison had a new commandant: Colonel Wayne. Half his men were ill, the enlistment of the rest was near expiration. Rations were scant, medicine unavailable, the clothing of the soldiers inadequate and the equipment poor. Desertions took place every day and occasional mutinies had to be put down by bold actions and cajoling. But early in March Congress promoted Wayne to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was thirty-two years old.

In May General Washington summoned him to take command of the Pennsylvania Line at Morristown, where word of his feats at Three Rivers had preceded him. At Morristown he drilled and maneuvered his men, attempting to whip them into shape as a fighting unit. One of his most important innovations here was the equipping of his line with muskets and bayonets, for he had already discovered the moral effect of good sharp steel.

At the battle of Brandywine, fought to keep the British from Philadelphia, he commanded a division in the center. His men bore the brunt of the fighting all day and again he succeeded in drawing them off before they were outmaneuvered.

At Paoli Wayne himself was surprised. The equally audacious British General Sir Charles Grey attacked during the night and gave Wayne a sharp and humiliating lesson in the use of cutlass and bayonet. Never again would Anthony Wayne be taken so unawares; meanwhile he asked a courtmartial to clear his name.

However, before the courtmartial could be called the battle of Germantown was fought and in the attack on the foe Wayne used the bayonet liberally. He distinguished himself and the courtmartial acquitted him unanimously.

That long winter was the dread period at Valley Forge—while the British enjoyed themselves in Philadelphia. The next June Wayne fought at Monmouth in the attack on the British rear, when General Charles Lee's craven behavior nearly lost the day for the Americans. Lee thought the ragged troops could not fight the redcoated grenadiers, but Wayne encountered no difficulty.

Like so many other fine men in the army, Wayne, disgusted with political appointments and inadequate appropriations for the soldiers and the general incompetence of those who should have been Washington's right-hand men, sent in his resignation. But when the Commander-in-Chief, who had kept him well in mind, sent him a summons Wayne hurried to answer it. A light corps was to be formed for him and he was to attempt the storming of Stony Point. It was a dangerous piece of business but Washington's expression of confidence and the opportunity to fight again made Anthony Wayne uncommonly happy. The victory that followed made every American happy.

When Benedict Arnold turned traitor and West Point was in danger, Wayne marched the Pennsylvania Line to that post and took command of it temporarily. That winter the unpaid, ill-clothed, ill-fed soldiers of Wayne's line mutinied. But Wayne was still held in high regard by them and British agitators who entered the camp were sent to the guard-house. When Pennsylvania promised redress of its grievances the Line returned to its general.

In 1781 Wayne was in the south as the trap to catch Lord

Cornwallis was set. Again he demonstrated his superior knowledge of tactics in moving in concert with Lafayette against the British forces.

Redoubt after redoubt was taken by Wayne's battalions at Yorktown and slowly the French and American trap tightened until Lord Cornwallis was compelled to surrender.

The military services of "Mad" Anthony, however, were not ended yet. There followed years of Indian warfare, until in 1796 he came west to inspect the forts and to insure the American defenses along the border. He was an ill and lonely man now. His wife was dead, his dearest friends were dead, his children were married. Besides, his leg was in-

flamed and the hardships of the trip added nothing to his comfort. On December fifteenth of that year, at the age of fifty-one, Anthony Wayne died in pain in the fort at Presque Isle.

"Bury me at the foot of the flagstaff, boys!" were his last words.

Although he was a Pennsylvanian and some of his greatest feats were performed in the east, it was the west that paid greatest tribute to his memory. Indeed, in the names of counties, townships, streets and avenues perhaps no name has been so often commemorated in Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana as that of Anthony Wayne, the general who was "mad," one of the country's greatest soldiers. —LOUIS ZARA

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 39-40

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Portia | 14. John Bull | 25. Venus or |
| 2. Bluebeard | 15. Uncle Sam | Helen of Troy |
| 3. Cinderella | 16. Nimrod | 26. Good Samaritan |
| 4. Enoch Arden | 17. Diana | 27. Dan Cupid |
| 5. Fagin | 18. Don Juan or | 28. Mars |
| 6. Jekyll-Hyde | Lothario | 29. Old Sol |
| 7. Romeo | 19. Adonis | 30. Jonah |
| 8. Svengali | 20. Amazon | 31. John Barleycorn |
| 9. Croesus | 21. David Harum | 32. Solon |
| 10. Neptune | 22. Simon Legree | 33. Jupiter Pluvius |
| 11. Izaak Walton | 23. Hercules or | 34. Ananias or |
| 12. John Doe | Samson | Munchausen |
| 13. Thespian | 24. Jean Valjean | 35. Sherlock Holmes |



CORONET

96

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NOËL

Empty the manger now,
fallen the golden star:
the soft cloud of the snow
drifts silver over war.

Out of the Christmas sky
no angels sing, but men
teach children how to die.
No wise kings ride again;
on earth there is no place
for any smile, and peace
means now the shattered face,
the young unmoving knees.

—FRANCES FROST

FRONTIER GIANT

*INTO THE VALHALLA OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE,
SIMON KENTON BOLDLY SHOULDERS HIS WAY*



IN THE frontier wilderness there lay a perpetual gloom, the sun rarely penetrating through the thick ceiling of treetops. Much of the history of the conquest of the wilderness, and particularly of the characters who first dared the wilds, has been hidden in a similar gloom. Where rays of light have been shed the figures revealed have not appeared altogether free from the mists and gossamers of tradition. Simon Kenton, the frontier scout and hunter, friend of George Rogers Clark and Daniel Boone—contributing equally with them to the settling of Kentucky—is one border figure who emerges half-man, half-myth from the records of olden times.

Kenton was born on April 3, 1755, in the year of Braddock's defeat, in Fanquier County, Virginia. The seventh of nine children, he was of Irish and Scotch-Welsh descent.

Simon seems to have taken no interest in the "three R's." But on

the frontier a man's personal courage made his mark. Young Kenton lacked neither daring nor courage; however, he had an almost ungovernable temper. He was about sixteen years old when he fell in love. But his sweetheart married another. So Simon challenged the bridegroom to a fight—and received a trouncing.

Still consumed, perhaps as much with shame as with passion, Kenton called Leachman, his rival, out a second time. [Only euphemistically could these border combats be called "fist-fights." Not only the ordinary maneuvers of genteel fisticuffs were employed; such sanguinary tactics as kicking, gouging, biting and maiming were equally acceptable: the men fought until one cried enough.

In the second encounter the sixteen-year-old Simon, a tall and powerful youth, not only triumphed but he beat his adversary so severely he left him for dead. Then, dismayed by what might happen

if the law laid its hands on him, Kenton fled. He not only left the vicinity, he crossed the mountains alone and for twelve years his family had no word from him.

Assuming the name Samuel Butler, young Kenton became a hunter and trapper, pitting his youth and strength and endurance against the wilderness. He fell in with another hunter and for a while traveled with him. In March, 1773, Indians attacked Kenton and his companion and the two nearly starved before they reached a trader and provisions. The next year, after Chief Logan's family was brutally murdered, a general conflict with the tribes broke out and Kenton became a spy for Lord Dunmore, after whom this pre-revolutionary war has been named. While engaged in reconnoitering and in soliciting information for Lord Dunmore the nineteen-year-old Kenton had working under him an older frontiersman by the name of Simon Girty, a man destined to go down in American history as a treacherous renegade, but at this time a valuable scout for the white men and a good friend to Simon. Kenton also made the acquaintance of George Rogers Clark, a Virginian and only a few years older than himself, and of Logan, the great

ill-fated chief of the Mingoes.

In the spring of 1775 Kenton and Thomas Williams were in the vicinity of Limestone Creek when they met Daniel Boone and promptly joined up with him and his party. Both at Boonesborough and at Harrodsburg the twenty-year-old scout worked zealously in the defense of the posts when the Indians, aroused by the British, attacked them again and again during the American Revolution. Often Kenton risked his life for the settlers by engaging in solitary hunts to provide fresh meat for the besieged.

In April, 1777, he was with Boone when their party fell into an Indian ambushade. A redskin shot Boone through the ankle and sprang at him with his tomahawk. Kenton brought up his rifle and shot the assailant, thus saving Boone's life. The tradition is that the huge Kenton stooped, lifted the wounded Boone and ran with him to safety inside the stockade.

★ ★ ★

In 1778, while Boone, unknown to his friends, was a prisoner in the hands of the Shawnees, George Rogers Clark came down the Ohio on his expedition to capture Kaskaskia and Vincennes and thus strike a blow at the British posts in the west. Kenton, who had

previously been a spy for Clark, now joined him and at Kaskaskia it was he who—so goes the tradition—broke in on the sleeping governor of the fort and informed him he was a prisoner of the Americans.

Back at Boonesborough, Kenton again joined Boone, who had made his escape from the Indians and had returned to prepare the defenses of the settlement. Now, on a spying expedition north of the Ohio River, it was Kenton who, on September 13, 1778, was captured by the Indians.

His exploits on the frontier had been such that he could expect no mercy from the Indians; nor did he get any. It was now his famous "Mazeppa-ride" took place. The Indians tied him on an unbroken colt and whipped the animal, which kicked and bucked and dashed through thickets and bushes until he was fatigued and Kenton had barely a breath left in his body. At night the prisoner was tied hand and foot to stakes in the ground. Inasmuch as his capture was considered a stroke of good fortune the Indians led him from town to town, men, women and children abusing him fiendishly. Once he made an escape and outdistanced his pursuers but, unfortunately, he ran into another

party of savages, who gleefully took him back to captivity. In town after town he was made to run the gauntlet. Then finally he was sentenced to die at the stake.

Here entered Simon Girty, now a renegade and bitterly hated by every white man on the border. Girty spoke up for Simon and saved his life. But at the next town Kenton was again sentenced to death and only the pleas of the great Mingo chief Logan saved him. Another time he was not only tied to the stake but the faggots had already been lit: the tradition is that a miraculous cloudburst quenched the fire and saved him. Logan appealed to Drui-lard, a trader and interpreter, to help the prisoner. Drui-lard ransomed him and took him to Detroit, where Boone had been held prisoner only the year before.

Kenton remained in captivity until his wounds were healed and he had regained his strength. Then, with two companions, he escaped and in thirty days made his way clear down through four hundred miles of hostile territory to the banks of the Ohio and across to Boonesborough.

★ ★ ★

In 1780 he captained a company of volunteers under George Rogers Clark on the expedition

against the Indian towns north of the Ohio. Two years later he took part in another attack on the villages of the marauders. But when he was not away fighting the enemy he was helping to defend the settlements at home. He was by now highly conscious of definite responsibilities as a defender of the frontier.

Somehow he learned that Leachman, his rival of years ago, was alive. Kenton reassumed his real name and went back to visit with his people—and to stir up everyone who would listen to come out with him into the new west.

He had acquired a large section of land in Kentucky and had built Kenton's Station, the northernmost post in the territory. He settled down and married and continued to participate in every defensive and offensive move on the frontier. He lived like the lord of a manor, owning slaves, cattle, and horses.

When "Mad" Anthony Wayne opened his punitive campaign against the Indian tribes Kenton was a major commanding a company of volunteers. However, his greatest value in every campaign lay in his knowledge of the terrain and of Indian character and in his ability for being able to apprehend the enemy's intentions.

When he was fifty he made another trip to Missouri and visited with Daniel Boone for a week. When the war of 1812 came Kenton again served. With the Kentucky volunteers he fought at the battle of the Thames.

Unlike Boone, who fled from civilization, and Clark, who ended his life in liquor and bitterness, Kenton lived on in the thick of community life, now and then taking part in minor activities. He was "General" Kenton now, having been a brigadier-general of militia, and was widely admired and respected as a prince of the wilderness.

On April 29, 1836, in his eighty-first year, he died, not in poverty as has been claimed, but nevertheless in meager circumstances. Long-lived, like so many of his caliber who survived the early years of danger, he had been for many years a sterling example of rugged individualism in a rugged era.

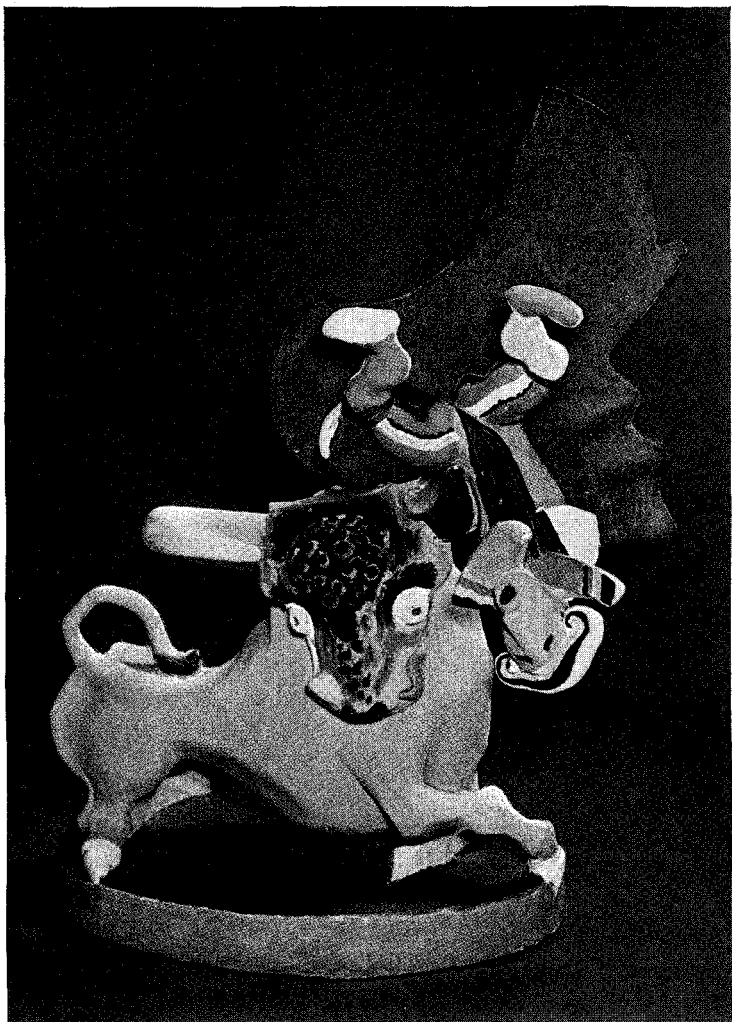
In Wilderness—as I should like to name the Valhalla which American folklore surely can afford after two centuries of history and tradition—he doubtless sits with Boone, Clark and Girty and spins tales of his fights, of his rides and of his hunts in olden times.—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

CARICATURES IN THE ROUND

Sculpture by

Eugenie Gershoy

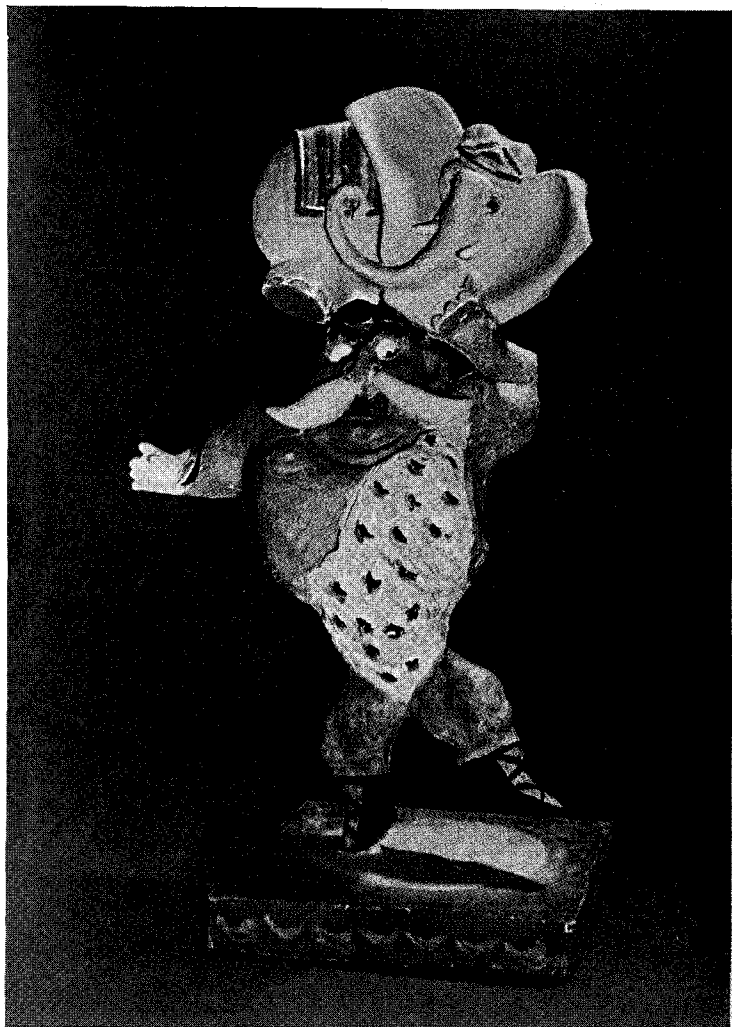
IT is not surprising to find Eugenie Gershoy producing a highly original form of sculpture. Her career has been an assimilation of so many influences, her art was bound to be so selective it would be brand new. She was born in Russia thirty-six years ago. Her father was a playwright who surrounded himself with reproductions of the old masters. His daughter, hardly out of bib and tucker, copied Titian belles and Rembrandt crones all over her father's play manuscripts. The family came to America, and for two years Eugenie studied at the Art Students League in New York—sculpture with A. Stirling Calder, painting with Sloane, Miller, Robinson. Subsequently she came under the influence of John B. Flanagan at Woodstock. Then in 1935 she joined the Sculptors Project of the Works Progress Administration. It was while thus engaged that the mood and the medium of the colored sculptures that appear on the following pages took definite shape.



THE ILL-FATED TOREADOR

Miss Gershey visited Spain in 1932. Here she transcribes her affection for the rich spectacle—and the fact that her sympathies were all on the side of the bull—into colored sculpture. These figures are the same size, not more than two feet high.

DECEMBER, 1939



THE VERY STRONG MAN

Exaggeration to the point of fantasy is a prime point in the Gershoy figures. Aside from their grotesque aspect, her subjects are usually performing an incredible feat. Her strong man is not only very strong but strong enough to lift an elephant.

CORONET



COURTESY ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, NEW YORK

THE EQUESTRIENNE

Like the very strong man, who is so much stronger than any real strong man, this equestrienne outdoes any equestrienne who ever lived. Whereas any circus performer considers it quite a feat to ride tip-toe, this young lady blithely rides on fingertip.

DECEMBER, 1939

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THE CAN-CAN DANCER

Here recaptured is the billowy frou-frou of the music-hall ladies who caught Miss Gershoy's eye in Paris. These figures were modeled in clay, then cast in a mixture of plaster and dextrine. The substance is light and absorbs egg tempera paint perfectly.

CORONET

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ADULT BONERS

We Should Laugh at the Youngsters!

THE comments jotted down on the applications for poor-relief in Porter County, Indiana, by the local investigators are not always as illuminating as they should be. "Man hit by automobile—speaks broken Eng-

lish," wrote one. "Couple breaking up home, friends helping" was somewhat confusing, while "Man recently had operation but is able to hold any position he assumes" can be interpreted in many ways.

AMONG the queries put to the teachers of San Juan, Puerto Rico, in a recent questionnaire issued by the

insular department of education was, "Give the number of your illegitimate children."

A LETTER addressed "Governor Saltonstall, Boston, Mass.," was returned to its sender, a North Adams, Massachusetts, woman, across it the

stamped words "INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS," and in writing, "Try Boston, Maryland." And Saltonstall is the name of Massachusetts' Governor!

JOHN MCGEE, native of Sullivan, Missouri, and freshman at the University of Missouri, doesn't object but neither does he understand why he should receive an Old Age Assistance

check for \$20. And from the state of Illinois! "It's all right with me," he decided, after getting over his surprise, "if Illinois wants to help me through college."

WHEN a couple at Reno applied for a marriage license and the woman said she had been married before, the clerk asked: "Is your

husband deceased or divorced?" The would-be bride responded brightly: "Oh, I deceased him."

—ZETA ROTHCHILD

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

JUDGE CAMILLE KELLEY

ATTRACTIVE, warm-hearted and admittedly ageless, Judge Camille Kelley is the first woman judge to sit on a juvenile court bench south of the Mason-Dixon line, the second to hold that post in the U. S. Operating on the theory that no child is really bad, she dispenses judgments in Memphis, a city in which there are no criminal juvenile gangs. Her principle of trial is to seek justice for offenders rather than merely to try offenses. Since coming to her office in 1920, she has handled more than 40,000 cases—all touching the destinies of children. Today her court records show between 300 and 500 adjustments of human problems each month, which sounds like business for a brace of Solomons. Neglected or delinquent children up to seventeen come under the scrutiny of this woman whose outstanding characteristic is her unlimited faith in human nature. As a schoolgirl, the future Portia began to study medicine but was swept off her course by a handsome, broad-shouldered Irishman whom she married. Later she mastered law in her husband's office. She is popular as a public speaker, has written many well-received articles on the correction of human behavior, and answers stacks of letters from wards whom she has helped to a better way of life.



PAYNE

JUDGE CAMILLE KELLEY

DECEMBER, 1939

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BRUMBACH

DR. FRANCIS H. HERRICK

WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE PRIVATE LIFE OF EAGLE AND LOBSTER

FROM atop a 100-foot steel tower built close to a 50-foot-square nest, Dr. Francis H. Herrick for six years spied on the private life of the American eagle. He made a candid camera record of what goes on in an eagle's eyrie, is recognized the world around as an authority on the king of birds. Now we know, for instance, that the eagle is an ardent family man, often flying 600 miles a day in quest of a mate.

Dr. Herrick's lobster studies for our government resulted in the saving of the Eastern seaboard's lobster industry. Among his 125 published works, Herrick's biography of Audubon is his best. He followed long trails through England, France and the Mississippi Valley to the naturalist's last home to ferret out material long thought lost. Dr. Herrick founded Western Reserve University's fine biology department.

CORONET



DISRAELI

HELEN KING

WHO NEVER WINS YET NEVER LOSES WHEN SHE ENTERS A CONTEST

HELEN KING makes a big business of reading the letters that you and you and you write. They come to her by the carload. When a manufacturer or publication has a contest designed to attract literally millions of participants, the chances are that Helen King and her New York organization arrange it, do the clerical work, pick the winners. It's natural for the leading contest consultant to be a

woman: most contest entrants are women. Miss King, who is 31, got into the work and established her business as a result of being the graphologist employed in one competition to read character from handwriting. She still regards graphology as her vocation. Her hobby is cooking. She is inclined to be a little lyrical and *exalté* about her prowess, the results of which she, at least, always thoroughly enjoys.

DECEMBER, 1939



H. H. HILLSHIRE

HAAKON FRIELE

*WHO IS SPEEDING THE
TEMPO OF INDUSTRIAL
LIFE IN THE ARCTIC*

WHEN he was 17, Haakon Friele decided the grocery business that had been in his family for a couple of centuries was too slow, so he left Norway for Alaskan salmon fishing. He has been busy in the Arctic. At 21 Friele superintended two canneries. The day Lindbergh soloed the Atlantic, Friele startled Alaskans by flying a tiny seaplane 700 miles over unexplored mountains and landing on treacherous Bristol Bay — saving weeks of arduous travel. The first to establish radio control over a fleet of fishing boats, he pioneered further in connecting his scattered canneries by radio telephone. Calling government attention to secret poaching of the Japanese, he has found Maru boats with huge quantities of fish from forbidden waters. Soft-spoken Friele today supervises an annual pack of more than 600,000 cases of salmon, the canning done with ace industrial efficiency and speed almost on the spot of the catch, then shipped around the world.

CORONET

MRS. JOSEPH WATSON

*WHOSE COMPLICATED
ANIMAL SNAPSHOTS
TAX YOUR CREDULITY*

WITH a dilapidated 16-year-old box camera, Mrs. Joseph Watson makes odd animal snapshots that have won her \$4,000. Twenty years ago she saw in her local newspaper a picture of three rats sprawled on a cat. She decided it was faked, determined to make studies that were real. The first snap she turned into cash showed her Shetland modeling a straw hat. She has been adding complications until she gets as many as 13 animals in one shot, all of them doing something different. She finds a ready market for her prints in newspapers and magazines; they consider these whimsical studies sure-fire with readers. Some of her work has been used to illustrate texts and she has published two small books of pet portraits. Naturally, she gets a lot of mail from folk who want to know if the animals in her pictures are dead, drugged or stuffed. But she can always answer no to all such questions. The truth is that Mrs. Watson is a woman of heroic patience.



TEALE

DECEMBER, 1939



MONROE

JOSEPH MIYARES

WHO LIKES TO LIVE ALONE—WITH ABOUT 300 WEEKLY GUESTS

BECAUSE he was lonely, Joseph Miyares turned his Florida home into a mecca for young people. He weekly entertains an average of about 300 guests, mostly high school couples. Those who misbehave are sternly ushered out and forever banished. All males must wear their coats, even in summer. Chaperons attend every party. Miyares became a large-scale host in 1928 when he bought Villa del Rio

on Hillsborough River. A swimming pool, aviaries, pagodas, an alligator pool, boats, and a sweet-bay tree jungle were added. The estate is not for rent. Miyares loans it to reputable organizations, charging a modest \$5 fee for gateman, lights, cleaning of pavilions and grounds. Parties end at 11:45 "so everyone may be on the way to bed by midnight." A Tampa divorce master, Miyares remains a bachelor.

CORONET

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WIFE WRITES BRIDGE BOOK

A REASONABLY FAITHFUL SAMPLE OF A
NOT UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE MANUSCRIPT



THE beginner should first familiarize himself with the pack which consists of four suits, spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs, ranking in that order. I got this hat at Winkel's, and I'm so glad you like it. Only \$3.85. Would you believe it? Of course I don't like most of the modern hats, but this—The player should next sort his cards, and study his hand carefully before bidding or passing.

Personally what Kay sees in Charlie Walker is beyond me, but I suppose it's every woman to her taste. Did you hear what she did at the Youngs' cocktail party? This will slay you. In order to bid, you should have at least two and one-half honor tricks, preferably more. An ace is a full honor trick. A king, guarded, is one-half. An ace-queen is—by the way have you seen Ruth Denning's youngster? She always dresses him in blue, and with that blond hair—

For a suit to be biddable, it

must contain at least four cards. It is better to have five. Your two and one-half honor tricks need, of course, not be all in the same suit, or even two suits but—does Dick Larribee always act like that when he goes out to dinner? They say Dot's having a terrible time with him.

To bid no trump, you should have an evenly divided hand containing at least four honor tricks, although some players occasionally bid on less. I saw the most wonderful movie the other night, *Six Privates and a General*. Ordinarily I don't care for Mack Lawson, but he was splendid in this.

Do not make a forcing two-bid unless you have a tremendously powerful hand that promises to make game even without assistance from your partner. Isn't that the most awful mess Clarice Humphrey got herself into? What do you say we have some cake and coffee before I start the next chapter? —PARKE CUMMINGS

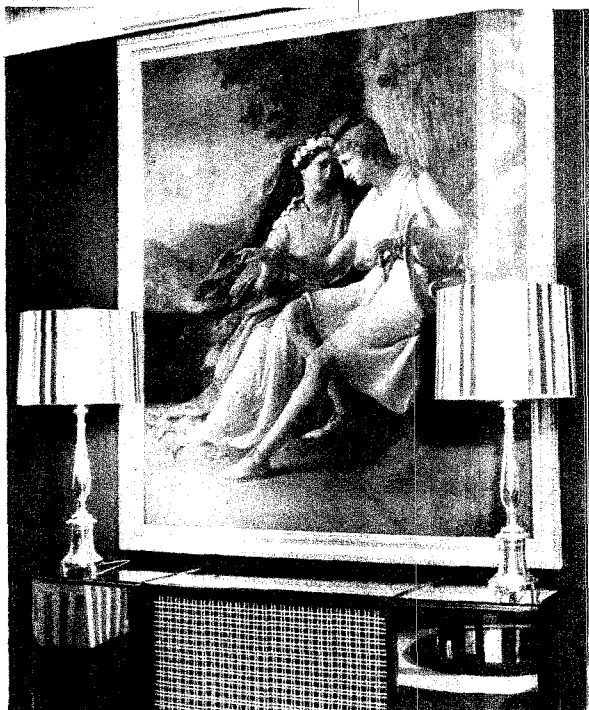
DECEMBER, 1939

THE GOOD TASTE TEST

How Would You Hang These Pictures?

Answers on Page 134

WHEN you hang a picture on a wall you must feel that you have solved three problems: (1) The right frame; (2) the right picture for the right wall; (3) the proper setting for the picture. In the test that appears on the following pages we have elaborated on the second and third of these problems. (The right frame was considered in a previous Coronet test.) We've hung pictures on six different walls, some correctly, some incorrectly. All the paintings and furnishings were selected and arranged for this test by William Pahlmann, director of the department of interior decoration at Lord and Taylor's. You are asked to study the six problems in picture-hanging on the following pages, to select the one you consider in better taste in each pair, and then to check your answers and your reasons with those of Mr. Pahlmann.



A

B



- 1 *The problem here centers around a large antique painting which has been hung over a modern cabinet. Which seem to you to be the correct decorative objects to accompany the painting—the modern lamps above or the antique urns filled with foliage below?*



A

B

- 2 *A corner in a library-type room. The problem is to arrange a set of small military prints in this corner in a manner most pleasing to the eye and most consistent with the atmosphere of the room. On that basis, which of these two arrangements is superior to the other? What are your reasons for making this selection?*



- 3 *The wall here is made of mahogany blocks. There are two problems propounded. The first is the question of height. Above, the center of the painting is five feet from the floor; below, six feet from the floor. Which is the better height? Secondly, which hanging is better from the standpoint of conformity with the design of the mahogany blocks?*



A



B

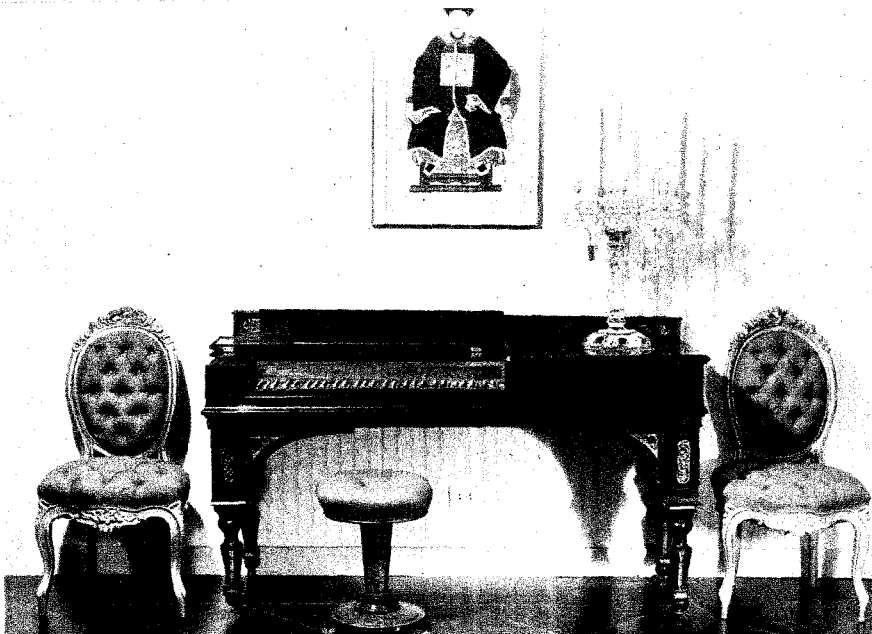


A

- 4 Consider the size and shape of the sofa in both of these views, then decide whether you prefer the companion prints hung above it or a single print as in the photograph below.

B

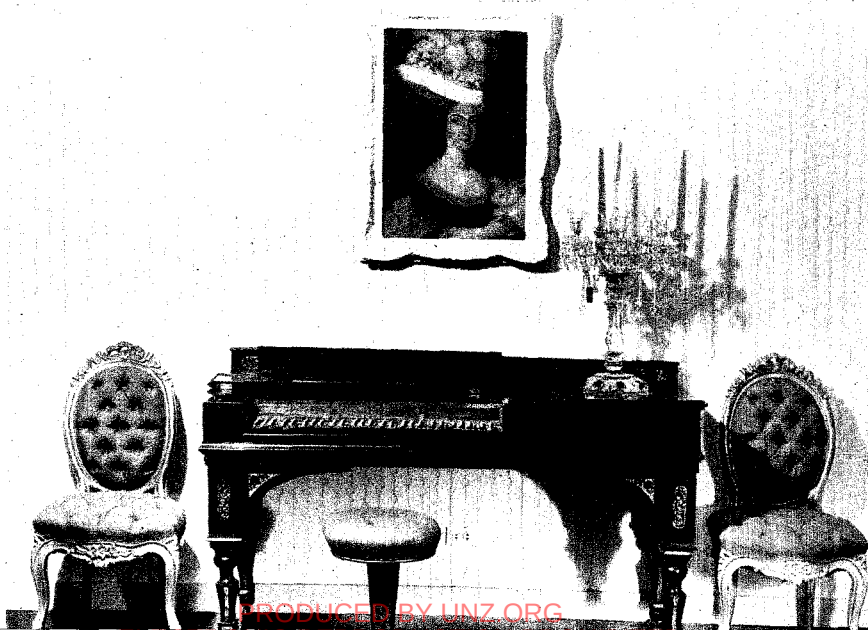




A

- 5 Although the furnishings here are from different bygone centuries, the spirit of the room is predominantly Victorian. Which painting do you consider to be proper for the setting?

B

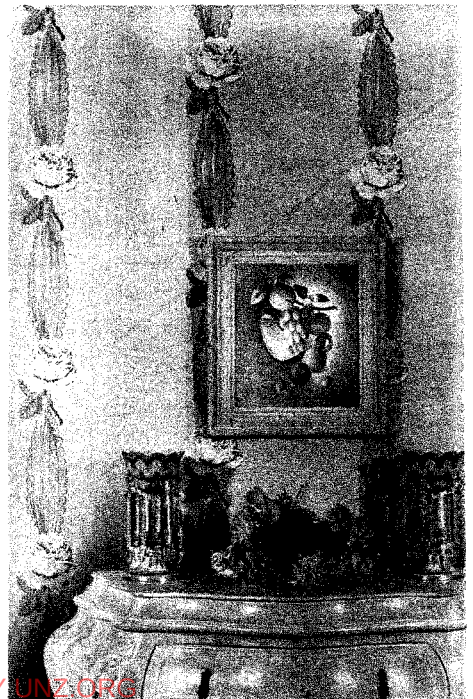




A

B

- 6 The main element in this setting is a heavy piece of furniture placed against a prominent wallpaper design. Which painting would you hang above that piece of furniture and against that wallpaper—the large American Colonial portrait or the small modern fruit design? Consider these four points: wallpaper, size of commode, size of painting, the painting itself.



YOU CAN MAKE MUSIC

IF YOU CAN TELL UP FROM DOWN YOU CAN
PLAY ONE OF THESE EASY INSTRUMENTS



MY FIRST violin teacher was an old German "professor" with bushy eyebrows and a gruff bass voice that boomed like a kettle drum. He would come stomping into our house dramatically, wiping his red face exasperatedly with a large handkerchief, and bellow: "Zo . . . today idt bedder be a goot lezzon, dot's all I got to say! . . . Soch doompkopfs haf I never-r-r hear-r-rd in my whole life! Nodt von nodte from the other-r-r dey can't tell!" He would puff angrily, indignantly. "An-udder day like today undt I am r-r-ready for de inzane azylum, yah!"

Here he would pause dramatically, and fix my mother with an accusing stare.

"Dere should be a law!" he would shout lustily. "Yah! A big law to pr-r-revendt beoble from studying an inshttr-r-rumendt if dey haf nodt godt idt talentd for idt!"

Then, turning upon me sud-

denly, he would wave his bow threateningly. "Vell, loafer-r-r! Stardt blaying! Zcales in C machor-r-r. Undt no vibr-r-rato. You ain't no Fr-r-r-ritz Kr-r-reizler-r-r yedt!"

It is easy to sympathize with that old man, walking miles each day from one untalented student's house to another, his ears assailed at each stop by screechings, and sour notes. Without doubt most of the boys he was teaching (some-how girls were supposed to play the piano, not the violin) should have been playing baseball with the other "fellers" and not scraping away at scales and exercises.

But certainly my "professor" was dead wrong when he said, "Dere shouldt be a law!"

Everybody would like to play a musical instrument. I doubt very much that you can point out *anyone* who does not envy the person who can draw music from a polished box, or a sleek pipe, or a shining tube. As a matter of fact,

most of us are musicians before we are much of anything else. When Junior wakes you up on New Year's morning blowing vigorously on the horn you were indiscreet enough to bring home from the festivities, he is not making noise. He is making music . . . although under the circumstances it is easy to see why you do not think so.

The desire to make music stays with us. If you are anywhere near normal you make music—in your own way—every day. There's the shower bath serenade in the morning. There's your wife warbling along with the radio. There's the whistling in the dark. There's the Sweet Adeline quartet at the bar.

And always there's the envy in you of the person who can really bring musical sounds out of an actual instrument. But you probably don't recognize that envy any more. You've made your peace with it.

"I've got no talent," you shrug. "O, sure, it would be swell fun to be able to play some instrument, but me, I might just as well try to swim the Atlantic. And besides, where would I get the time to do all the practicing?"

These reservations of yours are sound enough about such instruments as the violin and piano,

which are difficult to play. But there are other instruments, lots of them, that are *easy* to play, require no long or arduous apprenticeship, and yield generous pleasure.

These instruments are not toys. Some of them have wide ranges, and all of them are flexible enough to play real music. Best of all, these instruments are, for the most part, very inexpensive.

Probably the most satisfactory of the easy instruments is the Blockflute, or Recorder. It has the pleasantly woody and mellow tone of a flute, and something of the mysterious overtones of the oboe. Playing the instrument is simplicity itself.

You hold the flute in front of you, like a clarinet. It has no reed. You blow into it as you would into a simple whistle. Don't make the mistake of blowing hard. Some people pick up the gentle Blockflute and, filling their lungs, blast through it with a hurricane that would blow a tuba to pieces. Just breathe into it, and out will come a smooth, velvet tone that will make you look around unbelievably to see if someone else didn't do it.

As you hold the instrument to your mouth you'll notice seven holes spaced along the top. There

is one hole underneath, near the mouthpiece. Cover that hole with the thumb of the left hand. Then the first, second, and third fingers of that hand fall naturally over the nearest of the three holes on the top.

The fingers of your right hand cover the remaining four holes. Now watch! All your fingers are down. You breathe gently into the instrument. And behold! You are playing a smooth C. Now lift the little finger of your right hand. This opens the lowest hole, leaving all the other holes closed. Now you are playing D. If you want an E, simply lift the next finger of your right hand. For F all you have to do is lift the next finger. And so on, right up the scale!

Simple? Little children as young as four and five are doing it all over the country in progressive public and private schools that recognize the health and fun values of music-making.

"All right," you say. "All right so far. But where does it get me? I can't read notes. I can't tell a C from a hole in the wall. That talk about D, E, F is just Greek to me."

The answer is that you don't have to worry about that. Once you get the simple *relationship* of the notes and fingers in your mind

you've got all you need. Want to go up the scale? Simple open more holes (one at a time to go up one tone at a time; two at a time to go up two tones at a time, and so on). To be any simpler the flute would have to play itself.

With this little knowledge you are already prepared to astound your friends (as well as yourself) by playing songs like *Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes*, all kinds of Hymns and Christmas Carols, to say nothing of old stand-bys like *My Country 'Tis Of Thee*, *Three Blind Mice*, *Frère Jacques*, and so on.

One of the most ingratiating things about these instruments is that they give you pleasure right from the start. You don't have to worry about wailing, screeching, or squealing. You don't have to take out insurance against the wrath of your neighbors, or stuff your own ears with cotton.

In addition to the few technical facts noted above there are, of course, a few other things you'll need to know in order to play with complete satisfaction. But they are no harder than the simple facts with which you are already acquainted. You can learn about octaves, chromatics, and special fingerings in no time at all with the help of friendly (and inexpensive) instruction books. Any

store that sells a Blockflute or Recorder (and most large music stores do) has a supply of such books. In one hour from your first toot you ought to have mastered the essentials of the instrument.

Unless you know something about music already your best bet is to buy an instrument in C. On this you can play from regular violin or piano music. And you don't have to fret about reading the notes. Just find the middle C (which you play with all holes tightly closed), and watch the music to see whether the notes go up or down. You simply follow them with your fingers. When a black dot is one space (or line) higher than the preceding dot lift one finger. If it's two higher lift two fingers. And so on. Very soon you'll find that you've established a relationship between the position of the black dots, and the position of your fingers on the flute. What you've really done is to learn to "read music" without realizing it. When you've fooled around for a while you'll find yourself surprisingly fluent in "translating" musical notes into musical sounds . . . thus having accomplished something you were convinced you'd never be able to do.

A great deal of beautiful music

is available for these instruments. In addition to the cornucopian amount of simple violin, vocal, and piano literature there is a large library of music which was especially written or arranged for the Blockflute and Recorder . . . music that has a grace, beauty, and charm all its own, and that you will always be thankful for knowing. This is music that is seldom heard, and being able to get to know it, intimately, through your *own* playing, is a privilege you will appreciate more and more as the doors to this new world open wider and wider before you. You can buy a *good* Blockflute for as little as three dollars.

Another instrument which is played in much the same way as the Blockflute is the Ocarina. This is the old "sweet potato" with which you may already be familiar. It is a bulbous-shaped affair (hence its nickname) with an extension coming off one side to form the mouthpiece. A series of holes not very different in arrangement from the Blockflute's are stopped by the fingers, and you go up or down the scale by opening or closing the holes.

The Ocarina is less flexible than the Blockflute and more limited in range, but it has a lovely, mellifluous tone, and you can play a

great many of the simpler songs on it without any difficulty and with complete satisfaction. The clumsy-looking, easy-to-play Ocarinas afford genuine musical pleasure with a minimum of effort, and are absurdly cheap. You pay as little as thirty five cents for the smaller sizes (which have a higher, somewhat shrill tone), and no more than one dollar for the larger sizes (which have a lower, smooth sound).

Just as easy to play, and just as generous in musical dividends are instruments like the "Tonette." If you can whistle or hum a tune you can learn to play this inexpensive (as little as one dollar) music maker in a few minutes. In essentials it is almost identical with the Blockflute, though the latter is a more finished and more satisfactory instrument. The "Tonette" is played in the same manner as the Blockflute and Ocarina . . . simply by opening and closing the holes in sequence. Cheap instruction books are available to tell you all you need to know. It shouldn't take more than thirty minutes for you to be liting away at your favorite melodies.

For people who have a "good ear," instruments like the "Song Whistle" are ideal. You simply blow into the tube as you would

into an ordinary whistle, and manipulate a slide, exactly as does your favorite trombone player. You get higher or lower notes depending upon how far in or out the slide is pushed. The tone of these "whistles" is very pleasant, and the price is conveniently low . . . ranging from as little as twenty-five cents to a dollar and a half.

If you haven't a particularly "good ear" you may find this instrument difficult to handle . . . but you can be perfectly happy with your Blockflute, Ocarina, or Tonette, so you need not envy Mr. Jones next door who, Whistle in hand, may by this time be proclaiming: "Who's this guy Tommy Dorsey?"

The friendly little Ukulele has somehow fallen in popularity, but it deserves a better fate, for it remains a faithful, simple companion that unprepossessingly offers much pleasure and demands very little cultivation. To play the accompaniment to any one of thousands of the songs you want to sing you need know only four or five chords. And you can learn these chords without ever looking a note in its challenging face. If musical ambition really bites you, it is only one step further to learn how to read the chord patterns

that are printed above the music on most of the popular songs.

Parents would be wise to take advantage of the simple and inexpensive instruments as a means of discovering whether or not Junior or Sister has musical talent. Many children are cruelly forced to grind away at the violin or piano when they have no aptitude for them. The result is triply unfortunate. The child is kept away from other activities which would be far healthier; time, energy, and money are wasted; and, worst of all, music having been introduced to the child as a *task*, it will need much sympathetic retraining to bring it to the child later in life as the close friend it should be to every cultivated person.

A child starting out on an instrument like the Blockflute may show marked talent. It is easy then to progress to a more complicated

instrument. If no special talent is indicated the child will at least have been having *fun*, and that is the best of all introductions to musical appreciation.

The simple instruments mentioned do not exhaust the field. Many people who thought they were musically hopeless find that they can make a Harmonica "talk." Others find a great deal of pleasure in tinkling at small Xylophones. Some find a pleasant hobby in twanging the Musical Saw. And so on.

The important thing is to give yourself a chance. Forget the inhibitions that years of musical resignation have built in you. Leave the side-lines, and get yourself a music-maker to make music on. In playing it you'll win yourself a new world of satisfaction and solid happiness.

—ELI CANTOR

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 53-54

1. *Fantasy*. Although it is possible in many cases to decide definitely whether a person is normal or abnormal, there are many times when it is difficult to decide. In these cases even competent psychiatrists will disagree. Then, too, a person is normal in one situation and abnormal in another.

2. *Fantasy*. On the average men and women are equal in intelligence.

Careful experiments with grade children as well as with college students show no difference in the intelligence of men and women.

3. *Fact*. Tests have shown that there is some relationship between interests and abilities. We tend to like to do the things we do well.

4. *Fact*. These words are known as stereotypes. "Communism," "fas-

cism," "democracy," "reds," "radical," "reactionists," and many others are examples. People have shown emotional reactions to these words and yet, when asked to define the words, they become vague and inaccurate. The reactions to these words are built up through a process of emotional conditioning.

5. *Fact.* Careful experiments in physiological psychology have shown that muscular tension up to a certain point aids thinking and that beyond this point of tension, thinking is impeded.

6. *Fantasy.* There are many other factors causing people to smoke; the stimulating effect of the nicotine is probably one of the least important. Dr. Link believes the habit to be mainly muscular. Social factors, too, are important.

7. *Fantasy.* There are thousands of persons cured through both psychological and medical methods.

8. *Fact.* The ability to look one straight in the eye has nothing to do with honesty except perhaps with naïve individuals. A skilled confidence man can take money for worthless stock and look his victim straight in the eye.

9. *Fact.* A large number of American college students were asked to rate themselves on a list of abilities and traits. When these self-ratings were compared with estimates of friends it was obvious that most American college students tend to over-rate themselves.

10. *Fact.* Although there have been

a number of experimental investigations of the effect of tobacco on thinking, we have no conclusive results. Experiments so far have not shown that tobacco either speeds up or slows down thinking.

11. *Fantasy.* In fact, a person who learns rapidly usually retains what he has learned longer than a person who learns slowly.

12. *Fantasy.* All the experiments to check the assumptions of various systems of "character analysis" which claim a relationship between hair color and temperament demonstrate there is no truth in the statement. Blonds are just as apt to be moody as brunets—and that goes for red-heads too.

13. *Fact.* Even though many application blanks require a photograph, nothing can be told from it except whether the person is distasteful to look at or not. There have been many careful tests on judgments made from photographs and every test has shown that these judgments cannot be made for honesty, intelligence, tact, personal force, sociability, and many other traits and abilities.

14. *Fantasy.* How sure you feel about your judgment of a person has nothing to do with the correctness of the judgment. In fact, it does seem that the more sure a person feels he is correct in his "sizing up" the more likely he is to be wrong.

15. *Fantasy.* Some extreme psychoanalysts claim sex is the mainspring

of human conduct, but most psychologists recognize many other bases for human action. Even the extremists recognize other basic drives such as thirst, hunger, and the need for muscular action—to mention only a few. Most psychologists now consider the quest for prestige, wealth, social recognition, etc., as something other than an unusual outcropping of the sex drive.

16. *Fantasy*. We all have our physical and psychological limitations, and if we make up our mind we can do something which is beyond our ability we will be doomed to failure.

17. *Fact*. A large number of infants from parents who were inferior mentally were placed in superior homes and given pre-school education. After a number of years these children were tested and found to be superior in intelligence. Also, when some of the children were placed in less advantageous circumstances their intelligence rating declined.

18. *Fantasy*. It is seldom that even experienced interviewers closely agree on their estimates of an individual's traits and capabilities.

19. *Fact*. Mental work is least impaired by loss of sleep. However, one fatigues very quickly if he undertakes manual work after loss of sleep.

20. *Fantasy*. Most of us are somewhere between introverts and extroverts; most of us are ambiverts with a slight tendency to introversion or extroversion. It is difficult to classify

most people as one or the other.

21. *Fantasy*. Illogical as it may seem, the sense of taste is one of the least important senses during a meal. The sense of smell is most important, and the senses of sight, touch, warmth, and cold come next. Persons whose nasal passages have been blocked off to prevent their smelling have been fed ground meat, ground vegetables, and mashed potatoes and were not able to tell one from the other.

22. *Fantasy*. When young children fear the water they have been taught to fear it. At birth, children fear only loud noises, loss of support, and pain.

23. *Fantasy*. Although this is a common method of judging people, it is the most unreliable. If you must rely on observation alone, judge others in relation to people you already know. When possible, psychological tests are a great help for with these tests it is possible to compare an individual with hundreds of others and in some cases thousands.

24. *Fact*. Our dreams do have significance. Through the analysis of dreams has often come the key to a conflict of a neurotic. Although psychologists, psychiatrists, and psychoanalysts will disagree as to the significance of a dream they all agree that it does have significance.

25. *Fantasy*. Educators believed for years that the study of mathematics helped persons to become logical, but reliable experiments have proved that this particular benefit of mathematics is purely an imaginary one.

A NOTE ON CESAR FRANCK

HIS MUSIC BEST EXPRESSES THE SPIRIT
OF PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN



Blessed are the poor in spirit . . .
Blessed are the meek . . .
Blessed are the merciful . . .
Blessed are the pure in heart . . .

To no other musician do these noble phrases from the Sermon on the Mount apply more fittingly than to César Franck. Serene, simple, sincere, spending his life in an organ loft, he was the least worldly of the great composers—the Pater Seraphicus of nineteenth century French music. Neglected and misunderstood, he yet had a heart so fundamentally good that he could, without bitterness, contemplate his isolation and overlook the injustice of man.

He was single-minded: a beautiful harmony made his day. Summer and winter, he rose every morning at half-past five that he might have two hours to compose—to work for himself, as he said. At seven-thirty began his day trotting across Paris from *Autueil* to *l'Île Saint Louis*, from *Vaugirard* to the *Faubourg Poissonnière*, always hur-

rying to get himself where a lesson waited. During the better part of his life, this great man dispensed *solfège* and piano to fashionable young dunces at one franc, eighty centimes a head. A distinction for him was acting as accompanist to the cynical Jacques Offenbach.

No wonder honor after honor passed him by. Official Paris was unaware of his existence. Those who recognized him by sight looked upon him as an insignificant little organist-teacher who spent his spare time writing unperformed operas and oratorios. His appearance added little: he was short in stature, his face and figure round. Bushy brows hung over his eyes, his nose was large, and his chin receded below a wide, expressive mouth and thick gray side-whiskers. His overcoat was three sizes too large and, like Brahms', his trousers were generally hoisted at half-mast.

Performances of his works were patchy and ill-prepared, but so

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glad was he to hear his music that he praised any production, no matter how slipshod. The system of sending substitutes to rehearsals prevailed then in France, as now. A celebrated conductor, arriving for his third rehearsal with a Paris orchestra, could recognize only one player, a clarinetist, who had been present for both previous rehearsals. So he went up to him, greeting him sarcastically:

"My good fellow! I want to congratulate you!"

"Sorry, *maître!*" was the reply, "But I will not be present for the performance!"

Snubs Franck could endure. For him envy, meanness, hatred did not exist. He never doubted motives nor suspected boredom. After the first hearing of his quintet, Saint-Saëns, who was always aloof, congratulated him rather coolly, and he was overjoyed and said: "You like it? Oh, I dedicate it to you. Here it is." He thought nothing was wrong when Saint-Saëns went away, leaving the quintet on the piano.

Worshiping God in his music, he had no need to seek an echo in the crowd. After all, he had chosen his way. He gave up a promising career as a piano virtuoso because he could not stand being a show-horse. His ambitious

father, who inaptly baptized him César Auguste, planned to make him a little Mozart—a money-coining prodigy. Just as he was ready to compete for the *Prix de Rome*, his anxious parent yanked him out of the Conservatoire and sent him racing off through the provinces to dazzle those who had yet to hear a *médaille*.

To escape this, the young César committed the one recorded indiscretion of his life: he married a dashing and beautiful actress. And in those days bringing a theatrical person into a good family was an indiscretion. But, as in other things with Franck, this turned out for the best. Until his death, the couple lived happily in a discreet and untroubled intimacy, surrounded by children and grandchildren.

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Franck's music springs from his life and his faith. It contains no songs for the street, no ditties for the drawing room. There is in it no drama of external affairs, no sly gibe of humor. His struggles are inner struggles. The questionings in his symphony—which, to its last drum tap, discloses the man—concern not the life of the body, nor that of the mind, but that of the spirit. Its fears deal not with men nor things, but with intangible thoughts and feelings.

His gropings are from darkness to light, from doubt to certainty, gropings filled with a "serene anxiety." His is the cry of the penitent: "Lord, I believe: help Thou my unbelief!"

Certainly no musician since Bach wallowed more freely and whole-heartedly in religious meditation. Nor was any more earnest or conscientious. Debussy explained, "When Wagner takes from life, he conquers it, places his foot on its neck and forces it to shriek the name of Wagner louder than the trumpets of Fame. But what César Franck takes from life, he restores to art with a modesty which is almost selfless."

Franck's strength as a craftsman was, like Beethoven's, in variation and development. Often, in the midst of a lesson he would get up suddenly to go and write a few measures he did not want to forget. His important works were composed that way, from fragments scribbled here and there. His technique was that of the goldsmith rather than that of the sculptor.

There is considerable difference in quality between his best and his poorest work . . . and his best is not flawless. Trivial tunes disfigure even *Les Béatitudes*. But his fame rests secure in the masterpieces of

his last ten years, the symphony, the violin sonata, quartet, quintet, the Variations Symphoniques, *Les Béatitudes*, and the organ chorales.

Critics first found them dismal. "With this Franck," they wrote, "one is bored until boredom becomes a mystical experience." Honeker dismissed him as a sort of Abbé Liszt, "now in the heavily-scented boudoir, now with self-conscious devotion in the church." "Sublimated Gounod," was the flip verdict of the Parisian concertgoers.

But season after season, music-lover after music-lover, acclaimed the *D-minor* Symphony as his favorite. Even though they passed on to sturdier, more heroic stuff, their ear lingered and their imagination was caught by Franck's striving to touch the clouds and pierce them, seraph-like. His symphony became a household necessity, a program certainty. To avoid it was impossible, unless one avoided the concert halls.

A reaction was inevitable. The latest fad has been to underestimate him, to speak of "the false mysticism of the old Belgian angel." That, too, is unjust.

His flights of soul may mean little to skeptics, who find them stale with the odor of yesterday's

incense. But those who are repelled by the horrors and brutalities of our 1930's, those who need solace, and those who are seeking courage to go on, will find hope

in his music. Hearing him, they know that there is One who still chants the Beatitudes and sings: *Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.*

—CARLETON SMITH

ANSWERS TO TASTE TEST ON PAGES 116-122

1. B is the correct setting for this painting. The large lamps in A hide too much of the painting, and they bear no decorative relationship to the painting itself. The urns in B are in the same classical mood as the painting and the foliage they contain places a pleasant emphasis on the foliage in the painting.

2. A is better. As a general rule, it is not wise to hang pictures on a diagonal line. A group of pictures on a wall presents two sights to the eye—each picture individually, and the group seen as a pattern. When hanging a group of *small* prints, it is wise to make a *large* all-over pattern of them. Also, the atmosphere of this room is dignified and the slanting row of pictures in B is too eccentric to support that feeling.

3. A is the correct choice. Whenever possible, paintings should be hung at eye level. If the center of the painting is approximately five feet from the floor, it meets the eye level of most people. Notice also that in A the painting has been hung in such a way as to harmonize better with the pattern of the wall.

4. As a matter of strict interior-

decorational fact, *both* A and B are correct. This test has been inserted not as a trick question but to bring home the point that two rules can be applicable in one case of picture-hanging. In A, the two pictures are in perfect balance with the rectangular design of the sofa. In B the single picture forms an excellent pyramid effect. (Notice that the lamps in both views are arranged to cast only an indirect light on the pictures, and to make a definite pattern of light around them—a good technique to bear in mind in picture-hanging.)

5. B is better. First, it is a Victorian painting in a Victorian setting. Secondly, it is in correct scale with the piano. (Incidental information: Mozart played this piano.) The Chinese painting is a bit too long and narrow for its position—but its main fault in this setting is that it *is* Chinese.

6. A is preferable. The large painting is in better scale with the bulky commode. The still life, though good in itself, is in no way connected to the wallpaper — the wallpaper, in fact, dominates it. The small size of this painting throws it completely out of balance with the commode.

AN EAR IS MADE, NOT BORN

HERE IS ONE MOTHER WHOSE CHILD WILL
NEVER BE DEAF TO THE BEAUTY OF POETRY



WHEN our son Kit was still less than half as long as a line of blank verse, I decided I'd do my best to keep him, when he grew up, from joining the army of men who shrink from anything with rhyme or rhythm. They have an ear for great music, an eye for a magnificent painting, but they are tone deaf and color blind to poetry.

Because of their lack of interest, the craft that was once a flourishing one has few journeymen today. Even the great poems and poets of the past are losing luster. And Marlowe's mighty line is confused with the Communist Party line when a Dies committeeman asked if it wasn't true that a Red wrote *Doctor Faustus*—a subversive play produced by the Federal Theatre Project.

I have a theory that many men dislike poetry because they are taught to "appreciate" it at the wrong age and in a decidedly wrong way. They hear few sing-

ing words at home in their pre-school years, and not many more in grammar school. When they reach high school and long pants and a scorn of anything sissy, they are told of the beauties of poetry—while they glower at textbook pictures of Shelley looking like a Botticelli angel or Byron looking like Robert Taylor. No one lets them in on the fact that poets have died in tavern brawls—when they didn't own a piece of the joint as Shakespeare did in the Mermaid; have hiked across France in company of either a flute or a couple of pretty girls; have been drowned at sea or taken dope or been killed in battle. By the time most men find out what an enchantress the Muse has been, it's too late. She simply isn't in their address books.

Besides, they saw her skeleton before they saw her — when teacher pointed out the disillusioning dactyls and trochees and iambs that are her frame. Not

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even Hedy Lamarr could radiate umph in an X-ray picture. They never learn that there are some lines of poetry which can't be said without kissing them, and others which should be shouted by a man with a deep voice using his full lung power.

In my mother's house, the children learned to love poetry as they learned to walk. They heard blank verse who never heard a rattle. Her method was the kitchen-sink system. She kept her favorite books of poetry propped up between the kitchen clock and her recipe file on the shelf above the sink. When we asked for a story, she repeated, while she shelled peas or snapped beans, Tennyson's *The Revenge* or Scott's *Lochinvar* and we whooped with excitement. Who will say that those old narrative poems didn't prepare us for the very different tales in verse by a T. S. Eliot or an Edwin Arlington Robinson or a W. H. Auden?

More often than not, the poetry she read or spoke to us was pure lyric; but to us it was a story just the same. Snow White was never as lovely as "that orb'd maiden with white fire laden whom mortals call the moon." Indeed, my earliest memory is one of coming in from the sand pile for an after-

noon snack of bread and milk and jam to sit on a high stool and munch contentedly while Mother's voice lilted through Swinburne's *Deserted Garden*:

In the coign of the cliff between low-land and highland,

At the seadown's edge between windward and lee,

Walled round with rocks like an inland island

A ghost of a garden fronts the sea . . .

Aged three, I had not the vaguest notion what the coign of a cliff was. I still don't. But I was having a wonderful time counting off the beats on the kitchen linoleum.

We were never given the feeling that poetry was something we ought to enjoy, something cultural, any more than we were told we ought to relish lemon meringue pie.

Mother's method didn't produce any poetic prodigies, any four-year-olds who read Euripides in the original Greek. We were none of us so advanced as one little five-year-old boy. The child's father, an otherwise sober businessman, loved Shakespeare, and has read some of his passages aloud so many times that the little boy can give all of Hamlet's soliloquies from memory. His reading of "O that this too too

solid flesh would melt" has been known to bring down a raucous adult house, and that's all right, too. The youngster doesn't know exactly why his listeners are laughing, and their mirth may leave him with the unshakable conviction that poetry is fun.

Indeed, he may learn from that experience that in Shakespeare the tragic and the terrific, pity and pratfalls are inextricably woven together. He may grow up to see something not a little comic in the last scene of *Hamlet* when the stage is littered with the dead, and find his deepest tears in Falstaff's death when "a babbled o' green fields."

What our mother gave us I want to pass on to my son before he reaches school age and the possible deafening of his poetic ear.

At first I was afraid I might have got him off to a bad start. I have fallen into the habit of improvising the most appalling doggerel for his benefit. He's partly to blame. Given words with any kind of rhyme or rhythm, and he will, at eleven months, submit with a gurgle to all the indignities that are a baby's lot—all the eye swabbings and nose cleanings and ear oilings. Wrapped like a mummy in his bath towel, he will

face even boric acid in his eyes without protest so long as his mother burbles something like:

*Christopher likes his big bath towel,
Christopher likes to be trussed like a
fowl,*

*Christopher raises never a howl
When he's wound up in his big pink
towel.*

He has been known to grin while waiting for his second helping of milk to be warmed if he hears this nonsense:

*One, two, three, four—here we go to
eat some more;*

*Five, six, seven, eight—In spite of
the fact that we just ate!*

I have decided now that this can't do any more harm than that old nursery classic, "One, two, buckle my shoe." In another of Kit's favorites, "There was a little boy who had a dirty nose," I have detected a rhythmic relationship to the "crooked man who walked a crooked mile." Unconsciously, I am paraphrasing Mother Goose. In fact, that's probably the way Mother Goose came into being: Other mothers spinning out word tunes for other children who liked verse of a sort even in the cradle. So I'll keep it up until he's old enough to want some sense with his sound, some sweep to his music of words.

—AUDREY WALZ

Happy landing This is about as close to an international crisis as we ever come around this office. You will be able to see for yourself that it isn't very close.

In the July issue we ran a little story by Ernest Szép called *Gay Paree*, a tragic-comic account of an Arab rug peddler in Paris. Mr. Szép had made good use of the simple plot. But so, alas, had Christopher Morley some years before in *A Good Deed*, a story appearing in his book *Internal Revenue*. Thus we were tactfully informed by Mr. Morley's publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company, who naturally wondered what we were going to do about this seemingly glaring instance of plagiarism.

They had us there, so we passed the question along to Mr. Szép in far-off Hungary. Mr. Szép was desolate, as only Hungarians can be. He had never read Mr. Morley's story, he informed us, but years ago, communing with

friends, in a Paris café, he had heard the anecdote about the unfortunate Arab rug peddler. What should he do? Should he transfer the sum received for the story to Mr. Morley? Would we ever forgive him?

At this point, we put the case in the hands of Mr. Morley and his publishers. They proved to be very beneficent hands. Wrote Mr. Morley, with the official blessings of J. B. Lippincott:

"It would be unthinkable to attribute deliberate malfeasance to anyone who writes so engaging a letter as Mr. Szép. Please make him my collaborative compliments and say that I feel sure we must both have picked up the pollen from a similar source, undoubtedly one of the little bistros along the Boule Mich' in Paris. How pleasant it would be if all disputes might be so congenially concluded."

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